

From the Edinburgh Review.

Gottfried Wilhelm Freiherr von Leibnitz—eine Biographie. (Life of G. M. Leibnitz.) Von Dr. G. E. GUHRAUER. Zwei Bände. 2 vols. 12mo. Breslau: 1842.

SAGES and poets have vied with each other in the invention of significant symbols by which to express the littleness of all earthly greatness, and the vanity of all human ambition—not always superior themselves to a secret ambition of obtaining fame even by showing it to be nothing—of being remembered for the beauty and the excellence wherewith they have typified vanity. Like the sculptor employed to ornament the tomb, they have hoped to be celebrated for their eloquent images of death, and their graceful emblems of mortality. Yet neither amongst the devices feigned by art, nor the objects presented to us by the ravages of time—the broken column, the sarcophagus empty even of ashes, the stone inscribed with a silent history, or with half legible characters—is there any memento of these truths more expressive or more touching, than that which presents itself in the tarnished decorations of a series of portly folios or quartos of a past age, the product of some capacious and restless intellect, which toiled, as was fondly thought and hoped, for immortality—which aspired to be remembered, not merely in biographical dictionaries—those crowded cemeteries of mind—but to hold active and familiar converse with the mind of successive generations—to live in perpetual citation on the lips of grateful and admiring readers. Yet are these misjudging aspirants for fame often consigned to the “dust and darkness of the upper shelf;” rarely opened except by some chance visitor, out of idle curiosity—not from any wish to hold communion with their spirits, or to emancipate even for an instant their imprisoned wit and wisdom. These remains are guarded, it is true, with jealous care, and kept safe behind handsome doors and gratings; but the page is as mute as the voice of him who wrote it; and that supplementary body of ink and paper by which the fond authors hoped to perpetuate their existence, and secure a second and longer life on earth, is dead as the first tenement of flesh and blood, and without a hope of resurrection. To traverse an old library filled with such remains, is like walking through the catacombs of a great city. Could the thought of the utter want of sympathy, the “cold oblivion” which awaited him, have obtruded itself on the imaginings of those who wrought for immortality, it had been enough to paralyze all their energies, and make the pen drop from their nerveless hands.

We have been led into these gloomy reflections by the lot of that great and shining man, on whose life and genius we are about to offer a few remarks. His name is no obscure one; on the contrary, he has achieved, if ever man did, a high European reputation, and his name is laid up with those of the great of all time; and yet we believe there are few, even of the utterly obscure, who, having written so much, are read so little. It is the smallest possible fraction of his works that

even those who have troubled themselves to peruse anything, are acquainted with; while the immense majority, who yet know him renowned for mathematical discoveries and metaphysical theories, have never read a syllable of him.

For this comparative neglect there are more reasons than one. To a certain extent he shares but the lot of all great philosophers. Their condition, in this respect, is far less enviable than that of great poets. The former can never possess so large a circle of readers under any circumstances; but that number is still further abridged by the fact, that even the truths they have taught or discovered, form but stepping-stones in the progress of science, and are afterwards digested, systematized, and better expounded in other works composed by smaller men. The creations of poetry, on the contrary, remain ever beautiful, as long as the language in which they are embodied shall endure: even to translate is to injure them. Thus it is, that for one reader of Archimedes, (even amongst those who know just what Archimedes achieved,) there are thousands of readers of Homer; and of Newton it may be truly said, that nine tenths of those who are familiar with his doctrines have never studied him except at second-hand. Far more intimate, no doubt, is that sympathy which Shakspeare and Milton inspire; “being dead, they yet speak;” and may even be said to form a part of the very minds of their readers.

But this is not the only cause of the almost total neglect of the works of Leibnitz. As he wrote often with great beauty, and on a great variety of subjects, there should be no reason, one would imagine, why he should be less read than many other philosophers whose claims to be remembered is far inferior to his. The cause, we are inclined to think, is owing, in part, to the fragmentary character of his productions: though enormously voluminous, there is almost nothing except his *Theodicee* and his *Remarks on Locke* that can be considered systematic; and he has nowhere, not even in these pieces, given a complete digest of his philosophical system. The great mass of his works consists of occasional papers:—such as his contributions to the *Acta Eruditorum* of Leipsic; and the immense remains of that Literary Correspondence in which he was actively engaged throughout his life, and which included the name of almost every eminent scholar and thinker of the age. In these letters he continually repeats (as was most natural) fragments of his opinions; so that the reader finds that he has got most of what Leibnitz thought, long before he has read all that Leibnitz wrote, and might here, if anywhere, take a brick as a specimen of the house.

But yet another cause of this comparative neglect is, that with all his intellectual greatness, few other men have ventured to expound metaphysical theories which depend so absolutely on mere conjecture, or which are less adapted to invite disciples. His *Monads* are unintelligible even to his most devoted commentators; his *Preestablished Harmony* has long since been dissolved; and a score of other theories, and rudiments of theories, which were suggested to his ever active genius,

lie scattered in gigantic ruins over the vast field of his labors.

Nor is this all. A very large portion of his writings, as already said, consists of his letters. Now, not only is the Latin in which he often writes far from being Ciceronian; not only are the theories he defends exploded, or the truths he develops rendered elementary in the subsequent progress of science; but the books cited are long forgotten, the very names of the authors never heard of: even the *doctissimus Hackmannus* and the *illustrissimus Kettegius* have somehow become obscure:—the allusions are unintelligible, the incidents without interest, the pleasantry insipid.

These causes are at least sufficient to show why we ought not to wonder that Leibnitz for more than a century has been but little read.

But it is well that those illustrious men, whose voluminous writings, for the reasons above assigned, will never be remembered equally with those of the great poet, should have their periodical commemoration; when the achievements by which they benefited their own generation and all time shall be honorably recounted, their portraits brought out of the dust and dampness where they were fading away, and the lineaments retouched and vivified; when some of their most pregnant thoughts and weighty maxims shall be repeated in the ear of mankind; and some fragments of their wisdom rescued from the sepulchre of their *opera omnia*. Even this is better than sheer oblivion. They have influenced the mind of the species some generations back, and through that *indirectly* forever. It is something more to be permitted to do this *directly*, in modes however limited, and for intervals however transient. Yielding to the instinct of immortality, each grateful shade, thus honored, will triumphantly exclaim, *Non omnis moriar!*

Such a festival in honor of Leibnitz seems to be now in course of celebration in Germany. "Old Mortality" is there going his round, and reviving the imagery and inscriptions on the philosopher's tomb; and we could hardly hope to find a more favorable juncture for offering our homage than the present, when his works have just been republished at Berlin, and a new biography composed by Dr. Guhrauer.

We shall commence with a sketch of his life, the rather that it is more varied than that of the generality of literary men; so much so, indeed, as to increase in no small degree that wonder which his prodigious attainments are calculated to excite. It is difficult to reconcile so much activity and locomotion with such severe study. He must have learnt that useful lesson of losing no time "in changing his hand," as Adam Smith expresses it: and of bringing his faculties to bear with resolute promptitude on whatever, for the moment, exacted attention.

The principal sources of the biography of Leibnitz are the materials left by his friend Eckhart—his life by Brucker, in the *History of Philosophy*—his well-known *Eloge* by Fontenelle—that by Bailly, first published in 1768, and republished in his *Discours* in 1790—that by Kästner, published in 1769—the *Memoir* prefixed to several editions of the *Theodicæ*, by M. Jaucourt, originally published under the feigned name of M. Neufville—a piece possessing considerable merit, and praised by no less an authority than Lessing—and the recent work of Dr. Guhrauer. This last author has diligently availed himself of every source of information; and has not only corrected some previous

errors, but has brought to light some facts hitherto unknown. Many fragments also of the philosopher's writings, which had remained buried in obscurity, enrich Erdmann's recent edition of them. It would seem, indeed, as if these writings were a mine which could not be exhausted. Consisting for the most part of miscellaneous papers and correspondence, they were widely scattered, and were recovered only at intervals. In 1765, appeared a quarto volume of his posthumous works, under the editorship of Raspe. The principal of these was the commentary on Locke's great work, and is entitled *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*. This volume is of rare occurrence. The edition of Leibnitz's works by Dutens, in six large quartos, published in 1768, was vainly styled *Opera Omnia*. It does not contain the pieces published by Raspe, for which Dutens, in his general preface, offers no very sufficient reason. In 1805, appeared an octavo collection of unpublished letters, under the editorship of I. G. H. Feder.

Dr. Guhrauer's work has considerable merit; but it might have been judiciously comprised in one volume, by omitting not a few digressions on collateral subjects, in which, *more Germano*, the author has freely indulged. We shall also have occasion to point out some examples of prejudiced statement, into which the customary idolatries of a biographer have betrayed him.

One of the most curious things contained in Dr. Guhrauer's work is a fragment of *Autobiography*. Fragment as it is, it gives a striking account of the author's childhood and youth, throws a flood of light on his intellectual history, and exhibits all the prominent features of his character—even to its foibles—with a vivacity as amusing as can be found in any composition of a similar kind. As this fragment has never appeared in English, we shall take occasion to gratify the reader by a free translation of two or three paragraphs. Most of the facts are repeated, again and again, in different portions of Leibnitz's miscellaneous writings, but perhaps nowhere else so connectedly or so fully.

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born at Leipsic, on the 21st of June, 1646. He may be said to have been a foster-child of literature. His father, Frederic Leibnitz, was professor of ethics in the university of Leipsic. His mother was the daughter of William Schmuck, another professor in the same university. His mother's sister was married to John Strauch, professor in Jena, a celebrated jurist.

The father of Leibnitz was married thrice. He had one son by his first marriage, and one (the subject of this sketch) by the second. He died September 5, 1652, when the future philosopher was only six years old. He left a moderate fortune, and a valuable library, which last the young Leibnitz soon began to consider the best part of his inheritance. It is with his introduction to these treasures that we commence our brief extracts from the *Autobiography*.

He was sent early to the Nicolai school at Leipsic; but his real education seems to have been carried on by himself, and is described in a whimsical manner in the following paragraph:—

"As I grew in years and strength I was wonderfully delighted with the reading of history, and having obtained some books of that kind in German, I did not lay them down till I had read them all through. Latin I studied at school; and no doubt should have proceeded at the usual slow

rate, had not accident opened to me a method peculiar to myself. In the house where I lodged, I chanced to stumble on two books which a certain student had left in pledge. One, I remember, was Livy, the other the Chronological Thesaurus of Calvisius. Having obtained these, I immediately devoured them. Calvisius, indeed, I understood easily, because I had in German a book of universal history which often told me the same things; but in Livy I stuck no longer; for as I was ignorant of ancient history, and the diction in such works is more elevated than common, I scarcely in truth understand a single line. But as the edition was an old one, embellished with woodcuts, these I pored over diligently, and read the words immediately beneath them, never stopping at the obscure places, and skipping over what I imperfectly understood. When I had repeated this operation several times, and read the book over and over—attacking it each time after a little interval—I understood a good deal more; with all which, wonderfully delighted, I proceeded without any dictionary till almost the whole was quite plain.”

These self-acquired accomplishments having disclosed themselves at school, Leibnitz tells us that his master was much shocked that his pupil should be making such unauthorized progress in learning.

“My master, dissembling the matter repairs to those who had the care of my education, and admonishes them that they should take care lest I should interrupt my studies by a premature and preposterous kind of reading; that Livy was just as fit for me as a “buskin for a pigmy;” that books proper for another age should be kept out of the hands of a boy, and that I must be sent back to Comenius or the lesser catechism. And without doubt he had succeeded, if there had not been present at the interview a certain erudite and well-travelled knight, a friend of the master of the house. He, disliking the envy or stupidity of the master, who, he saw, wished to measure every stature by his own, began to show, on the contrary, that it was unjust and intolerable that a budding genius should be repressed by harshness and ignorance; rather, that a boy, who gave no vulgar promise was to be encouraged, and furnished with every kind of help. He then desired me to come to him; and when he saw that I gave no contemptible answers to the questions he put, he did not rest till he had extorted from my relatives permission to enter my father’s library. At this I triumphed as if I had found a treasure. I longed to see the ancients, most of whom were known to me only by name—Cicero, Quintilian, and Seneca, Pliny, Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato, and many a Latin and Greek father. These I revelled in as the fit took me, and was delighted with the wonderful variety of matter before me; so that, before I was yet twelve years old, I understood the Latin writers tolerably well, began to flip Greek, and wrote verses with singular success. * * * Indeed, in polite letters and in poetry, I made such progress that my friends feared lest, beguiled by the sweetness of the flattering muses, I should acquire disgust for studies more serious and rugged. But the event soon relieved them from this anxiety. For no sooner was I summoned to the study of logic, than I betook myself with great delight to the thorny intricacies which others abhorred. And not only did I easily apply the rules to examples, which, to the admiration of my preceptors, I alone did, but expressed my doubts on

certain points, and already meditated some novel views, which, lest they should escape me, I committed to paper. Long after, I read some things which I had written at the age of fourteen, and was wonderfully delighted with them.”

As to his doubts, he tells us that none of his masters satisfied him, but only admonished him that “it did not become a boy to busy himself with novelties, in things which he had not sufficiently studied.” Meantime his friends were possessed by a new fear.

“Those who had the care of my education—to whom my greatest obligation is, that they interfered as little as possible with my studies—as they had before feared lest I should become a poet, so they now dreaded lest I should stick fast in scholastic subtleties; but they did not know how little my mind could be filled with one class of subjects; for no sooner did I understand that I was destined for the study of the law, than, dismissing everything else, I applied myself to that. * * *

* * * And in this way I reached my seventeenth year, happy in nothing more than this, that my studies were not directed according to the judgment of others, but by my own humor; for which reason it was that I was always esteemed chief among those of my own age in all college exercises, not by the testimony of tutors only, but by that of my fellow-disciples.”

He graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy in 1663, at the early age of sixteen, and proceeded to his Master’s Degree in the same Faculty in the following year. On both these occasions, and on others of a like nature, he manifested the precocity of his metaphysical talents by the subjects selected for the customary disputations.—After giving an account of the dispute which prevented his offering himself for his Doctor’s Degree at Leipsic, and sent him to the University at Altdorf, Leibnitz proceeds—

“There,” says he, “I took my doctor’s degree in my twenty-second year, *maximo omnium applausu*; for when I maintained my public thesis, I discoursed with so much facility, and explained myself with so much clearness, that not the auditors only wondered at this new and unusual ἀντίθεσις, specially in a lawyer, but even those who had engaged to respond, publicly acknowledged that I had excellently well satisfied them.”

Refusing an offer of a professorship at Altdorf, Leibnitz repaired to Nuremberg. While there, he happened to hear of a Society of Alchemists, who were prosecuting, with the usual success, the search after the “philosopher’s stone.” He was seized with a strong desire to become acquainted with these adepts; but, as he was absolutely ignorant of all their terms of art, he knew not how to negotiate an introduction. Happily he recollected that their ignorance must be quite equal to his own; and so, boldly extracting from the writings of the most celebrated alchemists, all the most obscure terms he could find, he composed a letter, of which he did not understand a syllable; and from that moment became, if one may indulge in the paradox, as knowing as themselves. What was dark to himself was happily quite clear to these illuminati, who, following their usual instinct for nonsense, or afraid to be supposed ignorant, professed to augur favorably of one who could write so profoundly. They invited him to assist at their conferences, introduced him to their laboratory, and made him their secretary.

While at Nuremberg, he met with a valuable

friend and patron in the Baron de Boineburg, Chancellor of the Elector of Mentz. Chance (some say) brought them together at the hotel where Leibnitz was lodging. The Baron, who amidst his official duties, had never ceased to cultivate science and literature, was struck with the talents and attainments of his young acquaintance. He gave him his counsel—advised him to attach himself to Jurisprudence and History, as the studies which would furnish him the best means of advancing himself in life, and exhorted him to repair to Frankfort-on-the-Maine for the further prosecution of those studies: meantime, he promised to endeavor to procure for him some office worthy of his talents in the Court of the Elector. With this advice Leibnitz complied, and at Frankfort abandoned himself entirely to the studies thus recommended. It was there, amidst many distractions, that he composed, in 1667, his little treatise entitled, “A New Method of Learning and Teaching Jurisprudence.”* This early work displays all his principal characteristics—his vast reading, the acuteness, originality, and comprehensiveness of his mind, and his propensity to form projects too vast for fulfilment, and to make promises which sound something like presumption. This little treatise was in the press when the Baron de Boineburg summoned him to the service of the Elector of Mentz; and the young author, with the new developed instinct of a courtier, dedicated his work to his patron. In 1668, he followed up his *Nova Methodus*, by his *Ratio Corporis Juris reconcinandi*—a “beautiful project,” as M. Jaucourt calls it—“un beau projet”—nothing less in fact than a new digest of Universal Law.

But the author we have just cited might well ask, “can we believe that Leibnitz (then little more than twenty-two years of age) had sufficient light for a reform of this gigantic kind?” *A faire un bon livre*, as M. Jaucourt says, is all that could be expected of the splendid talents of any young philosopher—even of a Leibnitz—engaged on such a subject.

In the same year, he also published his treatise *De Arte Combinatoriâ*; in which, though he advances many things which he afterwards saw cause to reject, he displays much of the analytical skill, and originality of conception, which afterwards made him so famous in the field of pure mathematics. The abdication of John Casimir, King of Poland, in 1668, when the elective throne was besieged by a crowd of aspirants, afforded Leibnitz his first opportunity of signaling his talents in political discussion. Amongst the claimants was the Prince of Neuburg, and Boineburg engaged Leibnitz to support his pretensions. In this, as in one or two other cases, our author was perhaps too easily led to accept the office of advocate, before exercising that of philosopher; to accept a thesis and then examine how it could be supported. Once engaged, however, his philosophic habits of mind soon appear in this as in similar instances; and, rising above the transitory and limited subjects proposed, he expatiates on the condition of Poland, its principles of government, and the qualities it should seek in the monarchs of its choice. Though this *brochure* did not attain its end, Leibnitz was not without his reward. At the instigation of Boineburg he was made a member of the Council of the Elector, a

post which he held till 1672. Without neglecting its duties, his ever active mind found time to produce numberless pieces on the most diversified subjects, which secured him extensive reputation, but which it is beyond our limits even to enumerate. One of his greatest projects at this period, but, like many others, never executed, was to revise and remodel the *Encyclopædia* of Alstedius, according to a new method, founded on the relations of the various sciences to each other. A curious publication, which appeared in 1670, was very characteristic of his literary habits. He had long been of opinion that Aristotle had been depreciated below his real merits, in the necessary recoil against the tyranny of the Scholastic Philosophy. Instead of treating this subject systematically, in the shape of a distinct dissertation, he contents himself with republishing a work *against* Aristotle, written by Mario Nizoli, a native of Modena, so early as 1553, to which our author adds a letter to Thomasius, a preface and notes!

In 1672, Leibnitz went on a political mission to Paris, where he spent a considerable time, and in a very different way from the generality of foreign visitors of that gay metropolis. He pursued his studies with his usual intensity, but particularly applied himself to mathematics, in which he frankly represents himself as up to that time, comparatively uninitiated. At Paris, in 1672, he became acquainted with Huygens; and the perusal of some of his writings, together with the study of those of Galileo and Descartes, and the Mathematical Fragments of Pascal, inspired him with a zeal in his new pursuit, which, combined with his great inventive talents, soon put him not only in possession of all that had been hitherto discovered, but prompted him to make discoveries for himself.

On the all but exhausted controversy of the Differential Calculus, and of Leibnitz's claims to be considered an inventor, we have little to say in addition to what has been already often repeated; and that little has been suggested solely by the observations which Dr. Guhrauer has, in his recent biography, thought proper to make. Our remarks on his statements will occur farther on.

Whilst prosecuting his mathematical studies, Leibnitz noted certain imperfections in the Arithmetical Machine which Pascal had endeavored to construct; and with his characteristic ambition of attempting all things difficult, he conceived the idea of improving and perfecting it. To this task he devoted considerable time, thought, and money; and he has left a brief account of his success in the third volume of his works.* But he was at length obliged to abandon it; and it thus forms one of the huge pile of projects which he has left incomplete, and which serve only to show the activity and universality of his genius.

In the year 1673 Baron de Boineburg died; and as official duties no longer confined Leibnitz to Paris, he took the opportunity of visiting England, and there became acquainted with Boyle, Oldenburgh, Gregory, Wallis, Newton, and others. Several of the literary and scientific acquaintances he here made, were added to the contributors to his already vast correspondence.

Shortly after his arrival in England, his patron, the Elector of Mentz died, (1674,) and Leibnitz resolved to return to Germany, and to push his fortunes in some other direction. Previous to his leaving England, the Royal Society honored him,

* *Nova Methodus discendæ docendæque Jurisprudentiæ.*

* Dutens's edition, vol. iii., p. 413.

and did themselves honor, by enrolling him amongst their members. As soon as he arrived in Paris, he wrote a letter to John Federic, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, to inform him of his situation; and that prince immediately offered him a place at his court, a pension, and, what was as much prized, the liberty of remaining in foreign countries as long as he pleased. Availing himself of this permission, Leibnitz remained at Paris five months, chiefly engaged in the prosecution of his mathematical studies. He then returned for a brief interval to England, thence paid a visit to Holland, and took his place at the court of his sovereign at Hanover, in 1676; and with this prince and his successors he spent the remainder of his life.

The tastes of the duke so happily coincided with those of Leibnitz, that he must have been here perfectly in his element. He commenced his duties with the agreeable task of enriching the ducal library with important works and manuscripts. His patron often joined him in his physical and chemical studies; and thus Leibnitz doubtless found it less tedious to play the courtier, than a philosopher in that situation may be supposed apt to find it.

The prince died in 1679, but Leibnitz lost nothing by his death; as his successor, Prince Ernest Augustus, then Bishop of Osnaburg, cherished towards him the same sentiments, and retained him in the same employments. He engaged him, however, in one new task, which, had it not been for the eccentric manner in which Leibnitz most characteristically performed it, would have involved a mere waste of time, and, as it was, must have grievously interrupted studies far more important and congenial. It was that of writing the History of the House of Brunswick. Here, as in all like cases, he broke away from the comparatively narrow limits assigned to him; and in the course of his very comprehensive researches, in which he amassed an enormous quantity of materials, (some of them very remotely connected with his proposed subject,) his active mind suggested many novel and sometimes brilliant speculations, in various branches of science; more especially in relation to geology, (of which he may, in virtue of his *Protogæa*, be called the founder,) comparative philology, and the whole philosophy of history and antiquities. For an ample collection of materials he travelled during the years 1687, 88, 89;—visiting Franconia, Bavaria, Suabia, Austria, and subsequently Italy.* Libraries, monasteries, convents, abbeys, tombs, public documents, manuscripts, rare books, were all laid under contribution. On his return in 1690, he reviewed the treasures thus acquired, and was surprised to find he was so rich. In collecting materials for the history of Brunswick, his huge drag had brought up all sorts of fragments of antiquity, many of them highly curious. From these accumulations, and from the treasures in Wolfenbützel, recently committed to his care, he selected the materials of a great work;

* It was during these travels that a curious incident happened to him. He was once overtaken in a small vessel on the coast of Italy by a furious tempest, which the sage skipper attributed to the presence of the heretical German. Presuming him ignorant of the language, he and his crew began to deliberate on the propriety of throwing the "Lutheran Jonas" (as M. Jaucourt expresses it) overboard. Leibnitz, with much presence of mind, took out a rosary, which he happened to have with him, and began to tell his beads with vehement devotion. The *ruse* succeeded.

which he calls *Codex Juris Gentium Diplomaticus*. It is in fact a collection of treaties, declarations, manifestoes, contracts of royal marriages, and public documents of a similar nature. It extended to two folio volumes, the first of which appeared in 1693; the second volume, enriched by communications from Oxenstiern, not till 1700. To the first volume is prefixed a preface, indicating as usual the activity and diffusiveness of his genius, his power of eliciting general truths from the most unpromising facts, and of throwing unexpected light on subjects but little connected with one another.

Another work which originated in the task imposed upon him by the elector, consisted of his *Accessiones Historice*, published in 1698. It is in fact a mass of the odds and ends of his multifarious collections; many of them rare documents, which had been buried in public libraries, and had escaped the vigilance of previous inquirers. In order to finish here all notice of the series of publications which had their origin in the request of the elector, we may remark, that it was not till 1707, nearly twenty years after he set out on his travels, that the first portion of any work exclusively bearing on his subject saw the light; and that consisted only of a collection of the writers on the affairs of Brunswick.* The second and third volumes appeared in 1710 and 1711. This extensive work was to have been succeeded by a work on the History of Brunswick itself and its illustrious house; that is, by the work which for twenty years he had been preparing to write, but of which, alas! only the plan has been published; the unfinished manuscript still lying in the dust of the royal library of Hanover.†

In truth, his plan was so whimsically extensive, that it would have taken his life fully to have completed it. The work was to have commenced by a dissertation on the possible state of Germany some thousands of years before the creation; in other words, on its geology. He has recorded his general opinions in an essay entitled *Protogæa*, which appeared after his death, and an abstract of which was inserted in the Journal of Leipzig, 1693.

Having thus settled the state of Germany as it was before the creation of man, he was to proceed to a copious account of what it was after that era, but still long before the dawn of authentic history;—to trace the migrations and settlements of the remote tribes and nations which have successively occupied it—treating, by the way, of their languages and dialects;—topics of which it may be difficult for anybody but Leibnitz to see the connexion with the history of Brunswick, but which were doubtless infinitely more to his taste.

Having thus, as it may be thought, laid a moderately solid foundation for the pyramid of his projected work, Leibnitz was to set about the history of Brunswick in earnest; of course commencing with the very remotest times, gathering materials from the obscurest sources, gently deviating to the right and left as occasion might or might not require, to take in the history of the various branches of the house of Brunswick, as well as that of all the houses with which they might have formed alliances, and pleasingly diversifying the matter with callateral disquisitions on various points of heraldry, genealogy, and especially chronology; all which subjects were to be illustrated by an ample

* *Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium illustrationi insertes.*

† Dr. Guhrauer gives us reason to expect that this Fragment will soon see the light.

appendix of suitable engravings of medals, arms, ancient monuments, and so forth. In short, the work would doubtless have been publishing in successive volumes to this day, if Leibnitz and his patron had lived as long: and subscribers or their heirs would still have been able only to predict the appearance of the *last* volume. We have been more minute than the generality of the biographers of Leibnitz on this subject; because the mode in which he prosecuted his task, the immense gyrations of thought in which he indulged, the number of subjects which were successively taken up, the eagerness with which he pursued each, the gigantic scale on which he framed his plan, and not least of all, the scanty fragments he left of the whole, are so remarkably characteristic of his genius and his habits.

Let us now resume the sketch of his history. In 1699 he was chosen member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; and in the following year he induced the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia, to found an Academy of Sciences at Berlin, of which he was made perpetual president. The publications of this society he afterwards enriched with various valuable contributions.

A communication from Bouvet on the Chinese characters, suggested to Leibnitz another of his life-long projects, doomed like so many others, to be left incomplete—that of a universal language. On this project, more than one able man had toiled before Leibnitz, and more than one has toiled since, but all fruitlessly. It seems in truth to be one of the most hopeless of human schemes. But its very difficulty had charms for Leibnitz; and he expresses himself in many parts of his writings with a confidence of success which is as characteristic as his boldness. He did not think “that the great men who had preceded him had been on the right tack. He contemplated the invention of a totally novel system, of which the characters should resemble as much as possible those of algebra.” He seems in truth to have expended immense thought upon this subject; yet nothing was found in his papers after his death, except some trifling hints.

He had, it is true, directed a young man to devise and arrange exact definitions of all sorts of ideas—in itself not one of the least difficulties of the projected enterprise, and which Leibnitz had better have reserved for his own shoulders. “Though he applied himself,” says M. Jaucourt, “to this investigation as early as 1703, his life, dissipated by a hundred different occupations, was not long enough for the execution of this design.” That man would in truth have a long lease of life who should live till he had invented a universal language.

In the year 1710, Leibnitz published his *Theodiciæ*—properly speaking, his only complete work; certainly the only one which gives a just image of the whole intellect of the man. Its principal object is to refute the skeptical views which Bayle had inserted in his *Dictionary*, touching the goodness of God, the liberty of man, and the origin of evil.

We shall make a few remarks on this work in a future page. In the mean time, we may observe that such doubts were entertained of the orthodoxy of Leibnitz, that several able men—amongst the rest, Plaff and Le Clerc—were persuaded he was of the opinions of Bayle himself, and that the *Theodiciæ* was but a *jeu d’esprit*. Never was there a more extravagant charge preferred against any

man; it is contradicted alike by the whole internal evidence of the book, by the circumstances which had elicited it, and by the general tone in which he refers to it throughout his correspondence. The accusation could have been founded only on some misconceived ironical expressions, and on the very courteous and charitable tone adopted towards opponents.

In 1711, he was invited to a conference with Peter the Great at Torgau, whither the Russian monarch had come, to be present at the celebration of the marriage between his son Alexis and the Princess of Wolfenbüttel. Leibnitz was highly gratified, and with some reason. In addition to honors and a pension conferred, there was held out the flattering prospect of being associated in the formation of the future code of that great empire, which the czar was meditating creating, and on the provisions of which that prince consulted him.

In 1714, Queen Anne died. Leibnitz was at Vienna when the king left Hanover for his new dominions, but had an opportunity of paying his homage in 1715, when George I. again visited the electorate.

From this period the health of Leibnitz, already shattered by frequent attacks of gout, which had grievously tormented him for many years, rapidly declined. As he knew much of most things, and something of everything, so he had not entirely neglected medicine, and was a little inclined, as many such men are, to play the doctor in his own case. It is said by some, that the immediate cause of his death was an unhappy experiment with an untried remedy. This event took place, on the 14th of November, 1716, in the seventieth year of his age.*

Leibnitz has left behind him a sketch in Latin of his principal physical and mental peculiarities, expressed with his usual frankness, and we might say with a characteristic egotism. From this sketch we extract the following traits. After some whimsical remarks on his temperament and that of his family, he tells us that his “stature is of the middle height and graceful, his face pale, hands generally cold, &c., &c.; his eyesight keen, his voice rather shrill than strong; that he had some little difficulty in pronouncing the gutturals, especially *k*.” He tells us that “his night’s rest was uninterrupted,” for which he gives us a curious reason—“*Quod sero cubitum sit, et lucubrations studiis matutinis longe præferi.*”† There are many students who, with the same habits, have not experienced the same happy results from them. His mode of life from childhood was sedentary; from a boy he read much and meditated more, and in most things was self-taught, *αὐτοδίδακτος*.” The next is certainly a characteristic trait, but would have been as well recorded by somebody else. “He was ambitious of more profoundly investigating everything than is customary with the vulgar, and of inventing new things.” He also tells us “he was endowed with a most excellent invention and judgment;

* Dr. Guhrauer has given a full account of his last illness, vol. ii., pp. 328–330.

† He often did not retire to his couch at all, but sat till a late hour, took two or three hours’ sleep in his chair, and then proceeded to his work again at early dawn. This plan he is said sometimes to have pursued night after night for weeks together. No wonder he had gout, and, towards the close of life, ulcerated and oedematous extremities!

and found it no matter of difficulty to apply, in immediate succession, to the most varied employments; reading, writing, speaking extempore, and investigating any intellectual subject, when necessary, even to the bottom.* He further tells us "that he was easily made angry, and easily pacified; that he was neither very sad nor very merry; that his joy and grief were alike moderate, and that he more frequently smiled than laughed. *Risus frequentius deducit, quam pectus convertit.*"

One or two other traits may be amusing to the reader as parts of a great man's portrait of himself. We give them below.†

The intellectual character of Leibnitz is very remarkable, and well worthy of careful analysis. He has been called, and with much justice, "an universal genius." His powers were most various and versatile, harmoniously proportioned one to another, and individually vast; each colossal, and all symmetrical. If he failed, and fail he often did, it was not from a deficiency in the powers requisite for the prosecution of science in almost any direction, but from the ambition of universal conquest—of knowing everything, and achieving everything. In his desire of gaining new victories, he was too apt to leave behind him provinces but half conquered. Such was his versatility, that, as Fontenelle and Jaucourt have observed, he really does not seem to have manifested any predilection for any one branch of science more than another, though it was unquestionably in mathematics that he was most fitted to excel. His powers of acquisition were astonishing; his memory, like that of most great men, was equally rapid in appropriating, and tenacious in retaining whatever was presented to it. At the age of seventy, he could recite hundreds of lines of *Virgil* without an error; and such was his knowledge of books and their contents, that George I. was wont to call him his "living Dictionary."

His attainments corresponded with his versatile powers, and his ever active industry. In every department of science and literature—in metaphysics, physics, jurisprudence, theology, philology, history, antiquities, the classics, and polite letters—he seems to have been almost equally versed, and in all deeply. Realms of learning even then almost neglected, as the Scholastic Philosophy, or merely professionally studied, as the writings of the fathers, had charms for him. The ancient languages he knew well, and was tolerably acquainted with more than half a dozen of the modern.‡

And this versatility, as it appears in his acquisitions, so does it also in his writings, wherein he successively appears in the character of a philosopher, theologian, mathematician, jurist, historian, antiquary, and even—poet. It is true, that in this last character, he takes no very high rank. His

imagination, though sufficiently active to supply apt illustrations to his argumentative prose, wanted the activity and the brilliancy which can alone make the poet. Yet he evidently regarded with some complacency this feature of his mind; and often mentions a certain feat of his early years with considerable satisfaction—the composition of three hundred verses in one day, and without making a single elision. In another sense of the word, we may say with more justice than Ben Johnson said of Shakspeare, "that it would have been well if he had made a thousand."

One striking peculiarity in the case of Leibnitz is, that his ceaseless activity in the accumulation of knowledge, and his great powers of original speculation, vast as they both were, seem to have been indulged in almost equal measure. Usually it is not so. A mind distinguished by much inventiveness, generally subordinates to that one quality all the powers of acquisition; and determines the direction, as well as limits the extent, of all mere reading exclusively in relation to it. This is especially the case in minds which, like that of Leibnitz, are distinguished by inventiveness in the departments of abstract science, and most of all in mathematics; where the demands on the excogitative faculty are so great as to leave comparatively little time or inclination for the accumulation of miscellaneous knowledge. Books, in these cases, are merely used as aids to thought; they are tools to work with, and nothing more. Leibnitz loved them for their own sake; he read as much as he thought, and thought as much as he read, and seemed to take equal delight in both, and in all directions. In him the love of knowledge, enormously as it was indulged, was never a mere passive principle; devouring all kinds of books, he yet never mechanically appropriated their contents, but made them his own, by subjecting them to the powerful assimilative processes of his own intellect. The appetite was scarcely disproportionate to the activity of digestion.

It is true, that as it is not given to the human intellect to expatiate over the whole surface of science with the same success with which it can cultivate some one portion of it, so, even in the case of Leibnitz, there can be no doubt that the experiment was attended with a diminution of power; and that, great as he is in several departments, he would have appeared greater still in some one, had he surrendered himself to it with the same diligence and energy with which he abandoned himself to all. No rapidity of association, no fecundity of invention, no acuteness of intellect, can make amends for the want of prolonged and patient meditation concentrated in one direction; and it was to this that Locke probably alluded when, in a letter addressed to Molyneux, dated April 10, 1697, he says of Leibnitz—"Even great parts will not master any subject without great thinking, and even the largest minds have but little swallows."

In physics and metaphysics his success was not eminent; nor was this to be wondered at. It arose, assuredly, from no want of subtlety or comprehensiveness; but from his love of hypothesis, his fondness for the purely abstract, and his impatience to arrive at a solution. All these prevented a docile observance of the maxims of the inductive philosophy. Any theory that plausibly accounted for the phenomena was apt to find favor in his eyes. Indeed, he never seems to have attained any clear views of the limits within which

* "Whence I infer," says he, "*cerebrum ei esse siccum et spirituosum*," "that his brain is dry and spirituous."

† "*Conversationalis appetentia non multa; major meditationis et lectionis solitariae. Implicatus autem conversationi satis jucunde eam continuat, sermonibus jocosis et gratis magis delectatus, quam lusu, aut exercitibus in motu consistentibus.*" * * * "Timidus est in re aliquo inchoanda, audent in proseguenda."

‡ "Cette lecture universelle," says Fontenelle with his customary elegance, "jointe à un grand génie naturel, le fit devenir tout ce qu'il avait lu; pareil en quelque sort aux anciens qui avaient l'adresse de mener jusqu'à huit chevaux attelés de front, il mena de front toutes les sciences."

the human understanding can hopefully speculate at all; and pronounces with as much assurance on the ultimate constitution and properties of his *Monads*, as he would upon any commonplace facts whatever. "Monads," says he, "are simple substances which enter into the constitution of composite. * * * Each is a mirror representing the universe, though obscurely. * * * Each soul (*âme*) knows to infinity, knows everything, but confusedly."*

His very notions on this subject, though frequently repeated in his works, he has never been able to express so as to convey a clear idea of his meaning to his disciples; who, as Brucker has justly remarked, have been involved in hopeless perplexities in their attempts to interpret their master's language. It is obvious, however, mean what he would, or nothing at all, that neither Leibnitz nor any one else could *know* anything upon this subject. A man might as well put down any incoherent dream that visited him in the night, and call it philosophy. Who could not philosophize at this rate! Can anything, indeed, more gratuitous be imagined, if it can be said to be intelligible, than that the universe is full of these ultimate monads, each of which is—obscurely omniscient, a mirror of the universe, and reflects in infinitely multiplied forms the infinitude of changes throughout universal being! It were less strange to say, that every flutter of a gnat's wing was propagated to the utmost limit of the sphere of the fixed stars. In a like strain of confidence does Leibnitz uniformly speak of his *Præestablished Harmony*; he is just as certain of its truth as of the truth of his differential calculus. Indeed, in all departments of science, except the mathematics, it is rather in his comprehensive suggestions of a possible law or principle, than in rigidly establishing it by induction—rather in his sagacious anticipations of a great truth, than in ascertaining its exact limits, that his chief merit consists. And it is curious to observe in how many different departments of science this tendency of the mind of Leibnitz was manifested. Thus in his *Protogæa*, he throws out thoughts which, as Dr. Buckland observes, contain the germ of some of the most enlightened speculations of modern Geology. In the department of Philology he often makes the most sagacious observations on the history and affinities of languages, and on the proofs of their identity of origin; and was probably the first to predict the important connexion—so fruitful of results—which would be found to subsist between philological and historical researches; and the light which the former might be made to shed on the latter. In various parts of his writings, he judiciously points out the best methods of improving medical science. In one of them—a Letter, *Sur la manière de perfectionner la Médecine*—he suggests the importance of a system of complete statistics of public health and disease; in his controversy with Stahl, he urges the study

of anatomy, then in its infancy; and expresses his confident belief that the time would come when surgery would be capable of dealing with many diseases that were then the opprobria of medical science.* In other places, he indicates the important bearing of his favorite science, mathematics, on various branches of political and economical philosophy. The merit in all these cases consists in the first germinant thought, (evinced the active and inventive quality of his mind,) rather than in the exact application or full development of it. We may say of such proofs of sagacity, as Sir James Mackintosh said of Horne Tooke's theory, "the beauty was in the original conception, rather than in the accuracy with which it was applied." But it is in these prophetic glimpses of great truths, in almost every department of science—truths which it was left for after ages fully to evolve and establish—that this great man entitled himself to a place with almost all the very greatest minds—with Aristotle, with Bacon, and with Newton—in all of whom the same quality was remarkably exemplified. It is given to such minds alone to predict and foreshadow the coming dispensations of philosophy;—to catch from the mountain heights of their contemplations (if we may modify a thought which has occurred to more than one writer) the first radiance of the rising sun, when to the rest of this world's inhabitants he is still below the horizon.

In the variety and grandeur even of his unfinished projects, embracing such different objects, and grappling with such tremendous difficulties, we see the sublime audacity and versatility of his genius; as well as a proof that not even the intellect of a Leibnitz can prosecute successfully half a score of pursuits at once. The manner in which he speaks of these unfinished projects, of which he seems hopeful even to the last, no less displays the hardy confidence of his nature—often degenerating into an appearance of ostentation and vanity; and, in truth, it requires all our knowledge of what he has accomplished to induce us to pardon his unfulfilled promises. His never completed calculating machine—his fragment of an universal alphabet—his improved watches which were never constructed—his hydraulic and pneumatic engines, which existed only in theory—his swift carriages,† which existed only in imagination, were monuments alike of his enterprise and his temerity.

We have said that Leibnitz was equally distinguished by his love of amassing knowledge, and his capacity for original speculation. It is curious to see the intensity with which the purely literary element operated upon him, and the manner in which it is perpetually manifested. Even his closest and most novel reasonings are continually interrupted by references to authors, and citations from their works. He abounds in curious anecdotes of past literature, and takes almost as eager an interest in the *history* of philosophy and science, as in the extension of their limits. This quality, in con-

* See *Principia Philosophiæ*, and *Principes de la Nature et de la Grace, fondés en Raison*: passim. Dutens' Edition. Tom. ii., pp. 20—39. Sir James Mackintosh, with his usual charity, endeavors to find a meaning for Leibnitz, and supposes that when he says that each Monad is "a mirror of the universe," and "knows everything confusedly," he means nothing more than that "all parts of the universe are connected," and "that no part remains the same, when that of any other is changed." If this be so, we ask, first—What business has a metaphysician to deliver his doctrines in extravagant metaphor? And, secondly, Whether mere change of relation can be called *knowledge*, (whether distinct or confused,) without the grossest abuse of language?

* "Spes est, aliquando aquam inter eam aliaque noxia non minore certitudine sublatum iri, aliasque aperturas, separationes, reparationes, correctiones, in potestate fore, quæ nunc habentur desperatæ; itaque reipublice interest nihil omitti, quod ad spem futuri progressus facere possit."—*Opera Omnia*. Tom. II., Pars ii., p. 147.

† In our railroad era, it is curious to find that one of the extravagancies charged upon Leibnitz by one of his traducers, is that of having conceived it possible to construct carriages by which the journey from Hanover to Amsterdam (about 150 miles) might be accomplished in four-and-twenty hours. Leibnitz in his defence affirms that this is too extravagant a charge to be believed! M. Jaucourt says, "that Leibnitz was not altogether a fool!"

junction with the suavity of his temper, has given one great charm to his general manner. With one unhappy exception—we refer, of course, to the contest respecting the differential calculus—it is impossible to imagine a controversial spirit more fair and candid; nor was there ever a taste in literature more catholic than his. He ever seems to differ from others with reluctance—to diminish the interval of disagreement as much as possible—and to discover resemblances, where none but himself can perceive them. He has given an amusing account of his efforts, when a youth of only fifteen, during long solitary walks in the wood of Rosenthal near Leipsic, to adjust the claims of the ancients and moderns—of Aristotle and Des Cartes; and the reluctance with which, when conciliation was impossible, he was compelled to make an election. His spirit was truly eclectic; and so far from exaggerating the originality of his own conceptions, he is generally anxious to show that there are some traces of them, more or less faint, to be found in the preceding history of philosophy. Even when threading his way through the most intricate and untrodden wilds of speculation, his truly social spirit loves not to be alone; he delights in searching for traces, however faint, of footsteps that have been there before him, and to follow the *trail* of humanity, as the Indians would say, even though it be only by a broken twig, or the down-trodden grass, or the ashes of a long-extinguished watch-fire.

This fair and liberal spirit certainly forms one of the greatest charms in his controversial writings. It uniformly appears in his judgments on books, in all of which, however worthless, or however opposed to his own views, he is sure to discover some merits; and indeed it was one of his maxims, that no book was ever written that was altogether without value.

We must now say a few words on his principal writings and opinions.

The *Theodicæ*, originally written in French, is the work on which the fame of Leibnitz as a metaphysician and theologian principally rests; indeed, it is almost the only composition of his which has any pretensions to be considered complete. Most of what he wrote, as before mentioned, was fragmentary: this work certainly has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is true that, in accordance with that irresistible bias of his nature on which we have already commented, he manages to interweave many topics which are but remotely connected with his principal subject, while his exuberant learning wells forth in every page. On the whole, however, and looking upon it merely as an intellectual effort, it is certainly not unworthy of his name. Unsatisfactory as may be the main argument, much light is thrown on collateral subjects, and many important, though subordinate, topics are treated with great ability. Full of subtlety and acuteness, we admire the originality, even if we do not admit the conclusiveness, of the reasoning. Almost everywhere we find reflections characterized by German depth of thought, and turned with French vivacity of expression, and these are enlivened by perpetual anecdote, and allusions to literary history. Not only are all the aids of learning, but not a few of the graces of imagination, employed to increase its attractions; while the style, everywhere perspicuous and elegant, shows the mastery which Leibnitz had attained in the use of a language not his own.

Not the least recommendation of the work is,

that, strange as it may seem, the reader may there get a scarcely less ample, and far more connected view, of Leibnitz's whole system of metaphysics and theology than from all his other writings put together. From the inseparable connexion which his principal speculations in both these domains of science maintained in his own mind, (however we may fail to perceive it, or even doubt whether he always clearly perceived it himself,) and from the wide circuit of thought in which he habitually indulged, almost all his characteristic doctrines come under review in one part or other of this singular work. Not only have we in it his theory of moral and physical necessity, (which might be looked for,) but his doctrine of monads, his pre-established harmony, his law of continuity, his sufficient reason, his notion of the origin of souls, of generation and dissolution, of space and time.

As to his main hypothesis, constructed to account for the origin of evil, and "justify the ways of God to man," that has long ago been exploded as unsatisfactory; but it is so, only for the reasons which have made every other attempt of mortals to penetrate that great mystery equally unsatisfactory. We believe that no man ever rose from the perusal of any work on the subject, (if we except the author,) without feeling the conviction that it lies beyond the limits of the human understanding, and that we are absolutely without data for its solution. That evil should have been permitted to enter the universe under the absolute dominion of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, is a mystery* towards the explanation of which man has not made the very smallest conceivable advance. When we are told that this is the "best of all possible worlds,"—meaning thereby, as Leibnitz takes care to explain, the Universe—that the absolute exclusion of evil was impossible, and that the least possible mixture of it has been admitted, the appeal, in fact, is to faith and not to reason. The answer to the argument is, "it may be so; we may perhaps even conjecture some grounds of probability for thinking it is so; but who shall assure us of it?" As a matter of pure reasoning, the argument against this hypothesis may be put in a form which we may defy all philosophy to encounter. First, would not a universe without any evil at all be preferable to a universe with some, however little—to say nothing of a universe in which it

* The Editor of the Living Age desires his younger readers to consider, that the "origin of evil" is not a greater mystery than any other part of *creation*. Why there should be a *wicked* man, is not more mysterious than why there should be a *man* at all. And if we ponder upon this, marvelling why, instead of a creature so dull and blind, there had not been an archangel—we have but stepped to another stage of the same mystery, and may just as well wonder why the archangel himself was made so infinitely below his Maker. It is just as difficult to know why animals *inferior* to man are created; why there should be reptiles and insects hurtful to *him*; why there should be beyond them the infinity of which the microscope shows us only the beginning. Making a "mystery" of the origin of evil seems to us an impertinence like the talk of "mysterious providences." It appears to imply that they are exceptions to the ordinary course of things; and that we are able generally to understand "Him who is unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out." Everything which occupies the mind stretches into the infinity which is incomprehensible;—and the moral is that, reverently feeling our ignorance, blindness and disobedience, we should cast ourselves unreservedly upon the mercy and love which have been revealed to us, humbly and joyfully trusting that we shall be raised to a state of happy obedience, and that *some* of the things which we "know not now, we shall know hereafter."

cannot be said there is very little! and, secondly, can we say that we see any reason why such a universe *could* not be constructed by irresistible power, under the guidance of an infinite wisdom, and both impelled by a goodness equally infinite? We affirm that the *reason* of men can reply to the first of these questions only in the affirmative, and to the second only in the negative. Leibnitz, on the other hand, says "no" to the first, and "yes" to the second. But few will discern his *ratio sufficiens* in either answer. It is evident that he, like every other man who pretends to solve the mystery, arrives at his conclusions by a gross *petitio principii*; or rather the whole work is an example of the *ὁσιον πρότερον*. The very problem is to reconcile the consistency of the attributes of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness with the phenomena of physical and moral evil; and Leibnitz solves it, by saying in effect that God is infinitely wise and good, and therefore cannot but have chosen out of all possibilities, the best; *therefore* a universe free from all evil, or even from less than exists, is a contradiction—the very thing, that is, which is required to be shown.

It is very possible that evil may be absolutely inevitable—we *believe* so, because it has been permitted;—it is even possible that we might *see* this, if we knew all, and that, when we ask that a universe of sentient, intelligent, responsible beings should be created from which evil should be infallibly excluded, we are demanding an impossibility. All we mean is, that this cannot be proved, but is always taken for granted, in every pretended solution of the difficulty. To the considerations which mitigate the difficulties of the subject, we are not blind, but we deny that they remove them. We are promised a cure of our malady, and we are treated with palliatives; we are told that we shall walk in sunlight, and we find ourselves only in starlight. So it is with the *Theodicée*.

That he is in fact appealing not to reason but to faith, Leibnitz himself often virtually confesses, and never more explicitly than in the following passage:—"Il est vrai qu'on peut s'imaginer des mondes possibles, sans péché et sans malheur, et on en pourroit faire, comme des Romains, des Utopies, des Severambes; mais ces mêmes mondes seroient d'ailleurs fort inférieurs en bien au nôtre: je ne saurois vous le faire voir en détail: car puis-je connoître, et puis-je vous représenter, des infinis, et les comparer ensemble? mais vous le devez juger avec moi *ab effectu*, puisque Dieu a choisi ce monde tel qu'il est."* After this, one is only puzzled to think how it was possible to fill two volumes on the subject.

It is curious to observe how apt are all writers on this subject to fall into the same fallacy, and beg the question in dispute—even though they may clearly perceive the rock on which others have wrecked their logic. Thus, Lord Brougham, after having, in perhaps the most profound of his writings, very clearly exposed the fallacy of Archbishop King and others;—after fairly acknowledging that the problem is insoluble, and stating with much lucidity and beauty the mitigations founded on the immense preponderance of indications of benevolent design—falls into precisely the same error, the moment he ceases to demolish theories, and begins himself to build one. After admitting that death is an evil, he says,† "That man might have been created immortal is not denied; but if it were the will of the Deity to form a limited being,

and to place him upon the earth for only a certain period of time, his death was the necessary consequence of this determination." Certainly: but why it should have been the will of God to create—not a limited being, for that was inevitable—but a being subject to death and pain, is the very question;—not whether, if God determined to create such a being, his death was inevitable. In such a way we might get rid of the whole difficulty of the great problem, by saying, that if it were the will of God to admit evil into the universe, its admission was the necessary consequence of that determination. Again, his lordship says, (p. 72.) "To create sentient beings devoid of all feelings of affection, was no doubt possible to Omnipotence; but to endow those beings with such feelings as should give the constant gratification derived from the benevolent affections, and yet to make them wholly indifferent to the loss of the objects of those affections, was not possible even for Omnipotence; because it was a contradiction in terms equivalent to making a thing both exist and not exist at one and the same time." Certainly: but, as before, how is it shown to be necessary that these beings should have been subjected to such a loss, or a contradiction to suppose them exempt from it? for this is the very question on which we want light. This sharp-sighted writer has, in a word, been betrayed into the very sophism which he has himself so clearly exposed in Archbishop King, (p. 34.) "The difficult question then," says the Archbishop, "whence comes evil? is not unanswerable. For it arises from the very nature and constitution of created beings, and could not be avoided without a contradiction."

But, though we certainly cannot *demonstrate* that this is the "best of all possible worlds," and that it was *necessary* that some evil should be admitted, we are far enough from affirming that that faith to which, as we have said, the appeal is sure to be ultimately relegated, is a faith entirely without reason; or that it is destitute of those grounds of probability upon which alone an intelligent reliance on the truths, whether of natural or revealed theology, can be maintained. And here the immensely prevailing character of benevolent design, which pervades the universe, contrasted with the fact that evil always appears either simply concomitant, or involved as a consequence, never as an ultimate end, and that an apparent evil is often found to be connected with real good, is of incalculable benefit as suggesting an approximate solution. And this confidence is yet further increased, when we see that in proportion as our knowledge advances, many of the ancient objections against the wisdom, and some against the goodness of the constitution of the universe disappear;—that they were in fact nothing more than the offspring of ignorance. We thus learn to believe that all would vanish in like manner if we were but omniscient. The course of reasoning is much the same as that by which we experimentally establish the first law of motion; it is but an approximate solution, yet conclusive: or we are led to suppose that the anomalies which we behold, are like those regressions of the planets which so much perplexed the early astronomers, and which arise from our seeing them from a false centre of observation. Place us in the true centre of the system, and, as science has now shown, all these irregularities disappear. Thus may it also be in the moral world.

"All discord, harmony ill-understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

* *Essais sur la Bonté de Dieu*, Part I., § 10.

† *Dissertations on Paley*, vol. ii., p. 71.

But, to believe this is one thing ; to prove it, is another.

So strong, however, is the conviction arising from these presumptions, in every well-constituted mind, that probably no man ever reflected, in moments of health, on the exquisite organization of his body and mind, and their evident adaptation to promote his happiness, or looked from them outwards and upwards upon the earth and the sky, and saw how there too almost everything was adjusted to that organization ; that every object was accommodated to our senses, and every sense an inlet of delight : how to the eye all is beauty, and to the ear all music—without feeling a triumphant consciousness that the universe must be under the dominion of paternal love ; without recoiling from the supposition, as from a most revolting absurdity, that such an universe can have been the product of malevolence ; or that if so, such power and such wisdom should so signally have failed of the end. Nor, probably, has there ever been a skeptic—even he who has brooded longest and most darkly on this most mournful mystery—who has not at times joyfully surrendered himself to this instinctive consciousness—and felt, with a gush of rapture, that it has at once swept away, as with a pure and healthful breeze, the vapors which a hypochondriacal metaphysics had diffused over his soul. We confess that we lay more stress upon this instinctive consciousness, for baffling this difficulty, than on the subtlest and profoundest metaphysical reasonings which man ever framed.

Apart from his main hypothesis, Leibnitz states the alleviations of this overwhelming difficulty, and the probabilities which may justify the supposition that “partial evil is universal good,” with characteristic comprehensiveness, and has illustrated them with much vivacity. Thus he remarks, that many things which once appeared only evil, appeared so only to a shallow philosophy, and that as science enlarged, the asserted anomaly vanished ; that some infusion of evil may be necessary to give us the highest possible appreciation of the good ; as only he who knows what sickness is, can enjoy the exquisite sensations of health in all their rapture—a point which he illustrates with a liveliness which reminds the reader of the celebrated passage at the close of Paley’s “Treatise on Natural Theology ;”—that two ingredients, one bitter and one sweet, in the cup of destiny, may make a more pleasant draught than the sweet alone. “Un peu d’acide, d’acre, ou d’amer, plait souvent mieux que du sucre ; les ombres rehaussent les couleurs ; et même une dissonance, placée où il faut, donne du relief à l’harmonie.”*

Leibnitz makes the remark, that each man in effect admits, that his share of good in life preponderates over the ill ; a fact which he supports by the universal reluctance of men to die ; and in reply to the objection that no man is willing to live his life over again, he makes this original and just observation, “that no one would object to take a new lease of life with but a new series of events to vary it.” “On se contenteroit de varier sans exiger une meilleure condition que celle où l’on avoit été.”†

Nor does he forget to insist very largely on the fact, (an essential point in his hypothesis, maintaining, as it does, that some evil was inevitable,) that the amount of evil in the whole universe, em-

bracing the ample domains of innumerable worlds, the vast *civitas Dei*, may be as nothing compared with the amount of good ; even though that evil may be absolutely fearful in extent, and eternal in duration. The great speculatist treats this tremendous theme with all the coolness of a veteran geometer. The ratio of the good to the evil is everything with him ; he deals with the latter, just as he would with a vanishing quantity in his differential calculus. It is sufficient with him, that, be the evil ever so great, the good is infinitely greater ; and thus disease, death, sin, and hell only enter as infinitesimals into his processes of moral (if we may use the phrase) differentiation. We confess that, conclusive as is the reasoning which represents mere geometrical magnitudes as nothing, which are to be compared with quantities “as many times greater as we please,” we never could derive any consolation from such a species of argument, as applied to those peculiar quantities called “happiness” and “misery :” nor be at all more reconciled by it to “the origin of evil.” Each of the beings to whom this logical solace is applied, is a sentient creature, a little world in himself, to whom his weal or woe is no vanishing quantity, no infinitesimal, but a most serious matter ; and, as it would be little comfort to such a being, if miserable, that he was but individually a martyr for the universal good—(on Leibnitz’s theory, that his misery was involved in the choice of the “best possible world,” and that God could not but choose the “best,”)—so we confess we can derive as little comfort from this mode of viewing him.

We might perhaps modestly suggest to the metaphysician, that each of such beings must have before him an *infinity* of misery ; but it would be of no use ; for he would still have at hand his doctrine of ultimate ratios, and his differential calculus. He would say that the individual was but an unimportant function of the universe ; that the increment of happiness on the whole would be infinitely greater than the increment of misery—though it is true that in each case the weal or woe might be absolutely infinite ; and that of two quantities which increase without limit, one may increase so much more rapidly than the other, as not only to increase without limit absolutely, but without limit in the ratio in which it is a multiple of the other.

“The heart of a genuine metaphysician,” says Burke, “is harder than a piece of the nether millstone.” The heart of Leibnitz was not a hard one ; but he was too apt to treat of such matters as these, just as he would have treated problems in the higher geometry.

It is, we confess, no alleviation to us to consider as the *final cause* of the permission of evil, that it may possibly augment the joys of seraphim, or in some ineffable way give a piquancy and gusto to the delights of paradise ; though, how it can do so, is surely as great a mystery as the “origin of evil” itself. One would think that those pure and benevolent spirits would consent even to be taxed of some portion of their felicity, if they might thereby but obliterate all evil from the universe ; or rather, that this obliteration of evil must necessarily be an augmentation of their happiness. The supposition that any beings could by possibility derive gratification from its *presence*, would, one should think, rather apply to the opposite quarter of the universe, and form the characteristic, not of angels, but of demons.

* Essais sur la Bonté de Dieu, &c., Part I., § 12.

† Ibid., Part I., § 13.

It is true, indeed, that when Leibnitz asserts that the permission of evil is essential to the constitution of his "best of all possible worlds," he does not expressly say that it is the "best" inasmuch as it involves the largest possible amount of purity and happiness, and that *therefore* evil was permitted that these might be augmented; but he everywhere implies it; and as the preponderance of these elements is the only intelligible criterion to us of one system of things being "better" than another, so the supposition that there is *some* other unimaginable sense in which it can be said that some possible world is the "best," and that for *this* reason evil was permitted, is wholly gratuitous."

Viewed in any light, this argument of the permission of so much moral and spiritual evil to many, for the *purpose* of securing the happiness of a greater number, is unsatisfactory. For we shall only have the old difficulty reappearing under a new form, and at another stage; and shall be just as much perplexed as before, to reconcile with our notions of justice and goodness the destination of myriads to misery, for the *purpose* of enhancing the happiness of some multiple of those myriads. The only answer that could be given would be that conclusive one of the apostle—"How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out,"—an answer with which, for aught we can see, we might just as well have rested satisfied a step earlier in the controversy. The question of the "origin of evil" is like a great cavern, to which there is no second outlet; we may pass through passes and labyrinths, but we are obliged to turn back at last, and grope our way out by the same way we got in.

On the supposition that evil was absolutely inevitable, or that the Divine being resolved to permit it, for some reasons consistent with all his attributes, but totally unknown to us, then indeed it is not unworthy of the character of Him whose prerogative it is "to call light out of darkness," to subordinate the evil to good, and to yoke the great demon to some useful labor; but to suppose it the *object* of suffering some worlds to be miserable, to render more worlds happy, will always leave a difficulty as trying as the original knot, and not less requiring the sharpest logical shears to cut it.

Leibnitz endeavors to show that evil was inevitable—*natural*, as a certain consequence of moral evil, and *moral*, as a possible consequence of metaphysical imperfection. But we must confess that, in our judgment, he wholly fails to show it. Even Omnipotence, says he, cannot work contradictions. The cause of evil is *privation* of perfection, and that which is finite cannot have perfection. Most learnedly said, profound metaphysician! But where is the difficulty, especially on your favorite hypothesis of moral necessity?—in other words, that the only freedom which man can possess, or which is intelligible, is, that he should have the power of acting as he wills, while the *will* itself is infallibly determined by motives—where, we ask, is the difficulty of supposing all intelligent beings so constituted, as that, while still perfectly free on this hypothesis, those motives only should determine them which should determine them for uniform good? They cannot be otherwise than free, you say, while they do not act from physical constraint; and in supposing them so morally constituted as uniformly to obey the dictates of reason, where is there any difficulty, which can be shown to

amount to a contradiction, or to limit even Omnipotence? If there be such difficulty, show it. Myriads of beings, Leibnitz admits, *must* have been so constituted to ensure that vast excess of good, which reduces his evil to a vanishing quantity; and why might not all have been so constituted?

In this point of view, the advocates of the doctrine of moral necessity, or in other words, (for it is a pity that the ambiguous term necessity was ever admitted into the controversy,) of the certainty of all volition as being dependent on motives, do not, to say the least, alleviate the difficulties connected with the "origin of evil." That hypothesis was, perhaps, first systematically and fully exhibited by Leibnitz; certainly no previous metaphysician, in as far as we know, had made such strenuous or rational efforts to reclaim it from the charge of encouraging vice as inevitable, or to exempt it from the liability to be confounded with vulgar fatalism.* Again and again does he show that, admitting the doctrine in full, it leaves human conduct just under the same laws and influences as before; impairs no sanction of the one, and diminishes no tittle of the other. Hence exhortations, counsels, persuasion, discipline, chastisement, are full as necessary as ever. Throughout his metaphysical writings, his favorite views on this subject appear; in his *Theodice*, in his appendix to that work, in his annotations on Locke's *Essay*, especially on the chapter on power; and in the masterly criticisms in both these works on the theories of Hobbes* and other necessarians. So comprehensive is his survey of this subject, that there is hardly a fragment of Jonathan Edwards' great work on the *Freedom of the Will*, which may not be found stated with almost equal clearness in some part or other of the writings of Leibnitz; if not with such rigid logical concatenation, yet with a far greater fecundity and aptness of illustration. The great transatlantic divine does not, more completely than Leibnitz, demolish that great phantom of the "liberty of indifference," which

* We cannot think that Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his truly admirable remarks on Leibnitz, has done justice to the views of the latter on this subject, when he attempts to identify his doctrine with vulgar fatalism. He says, "the scheme of optimism, as proposed by Leibnitz, is completely subversive of the cardinal truths of man's free-will and moral agency." He admits, "that it was viewed in a very different light by the author," but affirms that "in the judgment of the most impartial and profound inquirers, it leads, by a short and demonstrative process, to the annihilation of all moral distinctions." *Preliminary Dissertations to the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 127.

It does not appear to us impossible for any one to hold the opinions of Leibnitz on this subject, and yet consistently to deny that *demonstrative* process to which Mr. Stewart refers; nor do we think that the latter (habitually candid as he is) has duly appreciated Leibnitz's jealous caution, which breaks out even in the preface to his *Theodice*, where he has stated, (pp. 14–19,) with great clearness and eloquence, the differences between the *fatum Mahometanum* and his scheme of moral necessity. He even goes to the verge of what some may think a self-destructive candor. "Il est faux que l'événement arrive quoiqu'on fasse; il arrivera, parcequ'on fait ce que y mène: et si l'événement est écrit, la cause qui le fera arriver est écrite aussi. Ainsi la liaison des effets et des causes, bien loin d'établir la doctrine d'une nécessité préjudiciale à la pratique, sert à la détruire." Sir James Mackintosh has made some most judicious observations on this subject, in his admirable Review, in this Journal, of Mr. Stewart's above-mentioned *Dissertation*. He concurs with us in thinking, that justice has not been done to Leibnitz on this point.—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvi.

asserts the will to be free only when it acts absolutely without motive, and its highest prerogative to consist in its emancipation from all reason; which, in fact, makes man, as a condition of his responsibility, act in such a way, that if he could act at all, his acts would be absolutely destitute of all moral quality. Whether Jonathan Edwards ever read the *Theodicée* we know not; but if so, he must have been under no little obligations to it.

It may be thought at first, that if we could but admit that chimera of "a liberty of indifference," it were easy to account for the origin of evil, or indeed the origin of anything else; for who could account for the acts of a will which would be a synonym for caprice; or wonder that man, poised for a moment in such a state of "unstable equilibrium," should fall? But then, alas! we fear there would be just as much difficulty in proving the existence of this noumenity, or the possibility of its existing in a sentient and intelligent creature surrounded with such enticing forms of real and apparent good, or the moral quality of the blind volitions decreed by it, or the propriety of punishing or rewarding its absurdities—as can be found in the Origin of Evil itself. It would be appealing to that "Anarch old,"

"Who, by deciding, more embroils the fray."

Thus are we reduced to inextricable difficulties on all sides. But let us be comforted. We are in no worse condition with respect to this great mystery of the "origin of evil," except that it is connected with misery, than with similar inextricable difficulties in every other field of speculation; and which, wherever we speculate, introduce us at last to two propositions, which seem almost parts of a contradiction; but of which we are assured there must be a reconciling harmony, though we cannot detect it. We are inclosed in a narrow prison, shut in with adamant bars and impassable walls; and when we gaze through the chinks which here and there let in what is after all but a mental twilight, we gaze into the depths of infinity. This every speculator finds. The chemist analyzes material substances, and analyzes again the products of his analysis, but cannot come to an end. He seems ever almost on the brink of discovering the ultimate organization of matter, which yet eludes and will probably ever elude him; he finds, as Bacon truly said, that "the subtilty of nature far surpasses the subtilty of either sense or intellect." The arguments for the infinite divisibility of matter, and for its not being infinitely divisible, are both unanswerable, and yet answer one another. That there is something we call a Cause, we believe, but cannot perceive or trace anything more than uniform antecedence and sequence. How two substances, such as mind and matter—if they be supposed essentially different—can act upon one another, is an inscrutable mystery; and yet those find themselves pressed with difficulties equally insurmountable, who, to get rid of it, annihilate matter and substitute ideas for it, or annihilate mind and make matter think. In like manner, we cannot refute the doctrine of the absolute certainty of human volitions, as dependent on motive; and can as little eradicate the consciousness which proclaims us to be free, and responsible for our freedom. We see the reasonableness of either assertion, but the *nexus* which binds them in harmony entirely baffles our perceptions.

Happy is he who, recognizing the limits im-

posed on the speculative powers of man, refuses to chafe at those narrow limits; and, instead of wearing his strength by fruitless efforts to shake the iron portals, or dashing himself against the walls of his prison, is willing to believe it possible that there are many things true which now sound like contradictions; and instead of "being wise above what is written," whether in the volume of Revelation or of Nature, (which, as Bishop Butler has shown, is inscribed with hieroglyphics equally dark,) commits himself to probabilities where demonstration deserts him, and, in the meantime, awaits that glorious dawn which shall let in, on the child of dust, the light of eternity; and either clear up the mysteries which baffle him, or leave him contented with his ignorance. Ignorant, indeed—infinately ignorant—with all his knowledge he will ever be; for it is the necessary condition of a finite intellect, that it will never comprehend those problems which demand an infinite intellect to solve; and it is possible that the full comprehension of the "origin of evil" may be of the number.

In the present scene of things, at all events, we must acquiesce in something less than demonstration; and most cordially do we concur with Leibnitz, when he says, "The harmony which is found in all the rest of the universe, forms a strong presumption that we should also find it in the government of man, and generally in that of the entire spiritual world, if all were but known to us. It becomes us to judge of the works of God not less wisely than Socrates judged of those of Heraclitus, when he said, 'What I understand pleases me well; and I believe that the rest would please me no less, if I understood it.'" Nor are even the hypotheses men may frame on this without their use, if, without pretending to remove every difficulty, they but assist us in conceiving that there may be methods of explaining this terrible mystery though we cannot perfectly comprehend them. We fully appreciate, for this reason, the sublime passage with which Leibnitz thus closes the first part of his *Theodicée*:—"Those attempts of our reason, in which there is no necessity of absolutely confining ourselves to certain hypotheses, only serve to make us conceive that there may be a thousand ways of justifying the conduct of God; and that all the evils we see, and all the difficulties we suggest to ourselves, ought not to prevent our believing (when we cannot know by demonstration) that there is nothing so exalted as the wisdom of God, nothing so just as his judgments, nothing so pure as his holiness, and nothing more immense than his goodness."

With such lofty feelings as these, few can sympathize with the ridicule which is poured on the *Theodicée*, by the author of *Le Candide*; even if its mocking author (Voltaire) had confined himself to what was really sophistical in that celebrated work, and had not extended his satire to the whole order of the Universe. If we are reduced to the melancholy alternative of choosing between an ennobling but illogical faith, and a logical but debasing reason, nowhere better than here could we say—It is wiser to be wrong with Leibnitz than right with Voltaire.

Fond as philosophers in general are of their favorite theories, perhaps there never was an instance of this paternal instinct more striking than Leibnitz's affection for his *Preestablished Harmony*. Of the many theories which have been invented to account for the phenomena of perception, and to

get rid of the supposed connection of mind and matter, none was ever more groundless than this; and yet to none of them have their authors attached the hundredth part of the importance which Leibnitz attached to it. The supposition that the movements of body and of mind are as totally distinct (to use his own favorite and oft-repeated illustration) as those of two timepieces exquisitely correct, and that the former, like the latter, agree only in the perfect simultaneity with which they are performed, is really one of the most monstrous and even self-destroying hypotheses ever framed. According to that theory, to adopt the illustration of Bayle, "the body of Cæsar must have performed all its acts, though it had pleased God to have annihilated Cæsar's soul the day after it was created;" or as Dr. Thomas Brown puts it, the soul of Leibnitz would, though his body had been annihilated at birth, have felt and acted as if with its bodily appendage—studying the same works, inventing the same systems, and carrying on with the same warfare of books and epistles the same long course of indefatigable controversy;—and the body of this great philosopher, though his *soul* had been annihilated at birth, would not merely have gone through the same process of growth, eating and digesting, and performing all its other ordinary functions, but would have achieved for itself the same intellectual glory, without any consciousness of the works which it was writing and correcting—would have argued with equal strenuousness for the principle of the Sufficient Reason, claimed the honors of the Differential Calculus, and labored to prove this very system of the Pre-established Harmony, of which it would certainly, in that case, have been one of the most illustrious examples.*

Now, what proof can we ever have of the existence of a material world, if we accept a theory, the precise object of which is to sever all connection between it and the percipient mind? The very machinery of that material world, and its whole series of movements, are supposed to be concealed behind an impenetrable curtain, and to be wholly independent of the world of mental phenomena. The existence of a material world, therefore, is entirely assumed by the very terms of the theory; and the theory itself is consequently far more naturally connected with a purely ideal system. Indeed, Leibnitz himself seems much more inclined to adopt some modification of that system, than to admit the real existence of the material world, in the ordinary sense of these words. Some curious statements to this effect may be found in the *Eclaircissements*, by which, not without reason, he attempts to remove objections to his theory.† We shall not insist upon

* Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Vol. ii., p. 116.

† "Nous concevons l'étendue en concevant un ordre dans les coexistences; mais nous ne devons pas la concevoir, non plus que l'espace, à la façon d'une substance. C'est comme le *tems*, qui ne présente à l'esprit qu'un ordre dans les changemens. Et quant au *mouvement*, ce qu'il y a de réel est la force ou la puissance, c'est-à-dire, ce qu'il y a dans l'état présent, qui porte avec soi un changement pour l'avenir."—*Opera Omnia*, vol. ii., p. 79. But he expresses himself yet more strongly towards the close of his career. In the last year of his life, in a Letter to M. Dugicourt, he says—"Je suis d'opinion qu'à parler exactement il n'y a point de substance étendue. C'est pourquoi j'appelle la matière non 'substantiam' sed 'substantiatum.' J'ai dit en quelques endroits (peut-être de la *Theodicée*, si je ne me trompe) que la matière n'est qu'un phénomène réglé et exact, qui ne trompe point quand on prend garde aux règles abstraites de la raison."

other arguments against a theory on which, though it may have found some advocates in the age of Leibnitz, certainly has not a single adherent in our day. To suppose a material world, all the movements of which, so to speak, are parallel and coincident with those of mind, but totally disconnected with them, and created to answer no assignable or imaginable purpose, is surely to impute to the Deity a clumsy, cumbrous, irrational method of procedure. Yet Leibnitz principally values himself on having excogitated a system, which opens to us the most sublime views of the Omnipotence which could thus effect an entire harmony and parallelism, in the infinitely complicated and varied functions of two perfectly heterogeneous and separate substances. And if mere intricacy and superfluous complexity of apparatus were the highest trophy of wisdom, there would be some force in this reasoning; but as long as it is true, that simplicity in the means conjoined with variety in the ends is an attribute of the works of the Supreme Being, we may well doubt whether this theory be any such notable compliment to the Deity. In this system, as well as in every other which the impatience of philosophers has suggested, for the purpose of ridding themselves of a supposed interaction of two totally different substances, our sages forget, while magnifying the sublime views which their respective theories give us of the Divine Power and Wisdom necessary to realize them, that there is a very simple way of still more effectually doing justice to that power and wisdom; namely, by supposing it possible that the Divine Being may effect a mysterious connection between two perfectly distinct substances, though the philosopher cannot conceive it possible; and in a way which may far more transcendently display the infinitude of the Divine resources, than the realization of any complicated scheme of his could do. But this would just be humbly to admit certain ordinary facts which all the world admits, and few are the philosophers who can submit to that. It is much more pleasant to them, having condescendingly decided for the Deity the question of what is possible and what is impossible, and having relieved Him from the necessity of performing the latter, to devise a scheme which will still afford ample scope for His omnipotence.—On the moral difficulties which beset this and every other theory which would get rid of a material world, we have not spoken. But we cannot help thinking that the Ideal Theory is hardly consistent with the most worthy views of the Creator. Considering the deep, universal, indelible impression of an external world of matter, we can scarcely reconcile it with the supposition of His perfect truthfulness, to imagine Him the projector of a general system of illusion. So strong is the impression of the existence of a material world, that immaterialists have acknowledged that they find it impossible to eradicate it; and we have known disciples of Bishop Berkeley who have ingenuously confessed, that, somehow, the conviction haunted them, that "the solitary Palm still exists in the desert after the traveller has passed it, and is not an ideal phenomenon, to be reproduced after a certain interval to another mind." We regard this invincible belief, like the voice of conscience in the moral world, to be a species of revelation.

Extravagant as the system of *The Preestablished Harmony* may now appear, certain it is that Newton himself would not have ventured to predicate such glorious things of his true system of the Uni-

verse, as Leibnitz does of his supposed sublime discovery. It was to be the grand reconciling principle of at least half a dozen different, and in some respects contradictory, theories; it was to bring Aristotle and Plato, Des Cartes and Malebranche into happy harmony; and at once to redound to the glory of God, and silence the controversies of man. It is thus he speaks of it under his assumed name of *Theophile*, in an amusing passage of the first chapter of his *Dialogues on Locke's Essay*. "J'ai été frappé d'un nouveau système, dont j'ai là quelque chose dans les journaux des savans de Paris. * * * Depuis, je crois voir une nouvelle face de l'intérieur des choses. Ce système paraît allier Platon avec Democrite, Aristote avec Descartes, les scholastiques avec les modernes, la théologie et la morale avec la raison. Il semble qu'il prend le meilleur de tous côtés, et que puis après il va plus loin qu'on n'est allé encore." And so he goes on for two or three pages, with equally or more extravagant promises of this wonder-working theory. The other imaginary dialogist, *Philaethe*, may well say, "Vous m'étonnez en effet avec toutes les merveilles, dont vous me faites un récit un peu trop avantageux pour que je les puisse croire facilement."

Into the long controversy between Leibnitz and Newton, which so much embittered the latter years of both, we have already declared our intention of not entering further than is rendered necessary by the remarks of Dr. Guhrauer; who is disposed, in his zeal to do justice to the memory of his great countryman, to urge those claims not a little unwisely.

Most persons of the present day, who have investigated the subject, have pretty well made up their minds as to the following points: first, that the system of fluxions is essentially the same with that of the differential calculus—differing only in notation; secondly, that Newton possessed the secret of fluxions as early as 1665—nineteen years before Leibnitz published his discovery, and eleven before he communicated it to Newton; thirdly, that both Leibnitz and Newton discovered their methods independently of one another—and that, though the latter was the prior inventor, the former was also truly an inventor.

With regard to the first of the three points above mentioned—the alleged identity of the two methods—Dr. Guhrauer is disposed to demur, and contends that the claims of Newton and Leibnitz could not interfere, as they respected two different discoveries. Speaking of Sir David Brewster's affirmation, in his *Life of Newton*, that the latter was the first, and Leibnitz the second inventor, he says, "There is, in truth, no first and no second in the discovery of similar things." * This we cannot but think uncandid, though he endeavors to justify his views by quoting the opinion of M. Biot, that "were the discovery of Leibnitz to be made even now, it would be considered a surprising creation, and must still be acquired, supposing nothing more than the method of Newton, as it is contained in his works, existed." This is not precisely the same as saying that the two things are "dissimilar," as Dr. Guhrauer boldly affirms; neither do the assertions of Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, Poisson, also referred to by him, amount to as much.

We do not think that the advocates of Leibnitz wisely consult his fame, by advancing claims that

certainly are not tenable. To whatever point of perfection beyond Newton, Leibnitz may have carried his Calculus,* we need not hesitate to say, that a decision as to whether the two methods be essentially the same or not, may be regarded as a test of controversial candor or perverseness. Any one competently acquainted with both, and not afflicted with polemical *strabismus*, would as soon affirm, that German printed in the German type was a different language from German printed in the Roman type, as affirm that the method of fluxions and of differences were essentially distinct things; or he would as soon affirm that two systems of stenography, each employing the same principles of abbreviation, and differing only in the characters, were essentially different. Whether Leibnitz was truly an independent inventor of this method—in principle identical with that of fluxions—is the only question, in our judgment, that really affects his fair fame; and that he *was* so, is now, we may say, all but universally regarded as indisputable. Involved and complicated as the question has been through the passions and prejudices of contemporary controvertists, its solution really depends upon one very simple question, which we are in a much better position to answer fairly than the heated disputants of that age. It is this—Was Leibnitz capable of committing the vilest literary larceny, and persisting, to conceal it, in a detestably mean and deliberate falsehood? If not, (and there are few but will acquit him, who consider the general frankness and openness of his nature, the freedom with which he communicated his own discoveries, and the candor with which he congratulated others on theirs,) he is entitled to the honors of independent invention. If he *was* capable of such conduct, then no evidence can satisfy the doubter; for there was assuredly one period during which there was a possibility of deriving advantage from the previous discovery of Newton. The matter stands briefly thus. In the year 1666, Newton, when but twenty-four years of age, was already in possession of the system of fluxions. Either wishing to exhibit his method in a more perfect form than he had then leisure to impart to it, or desirous of reserving his discovery for his own exclusive benefit, he did not publish it—though he communicated the outlines of it to some of his friends, and, amongst the rest, to Dr. Barrow. The papers were lent by Barrow to Mr. Collins, who, unknown to Newton, took a copy of them, and who showed them to Oldenburg; and as these gentlemen, to use the language of the Royal Society, were very free in communicating to continental mathematicians what was going on at home;—as the latter was certainly in communication with Leibnitz as early as the year 1673, when he visited England; and lastly, as both of them saw him in his subsequent visit in 1676, it has been surmised that Leibnitz might thus have either obtained a glance of these papers, or some significant hints as to their contents. Now this is precisely the weak point in Leibnitz's case; but we venture to say, that it ought not to weigh against the repeated protestations with which he affirms that he had derived no such advantage; and that he was absolutely ignorant of the name, notation, and nature of Newton's system till some time after 1684, when he published his own first exposition of his

* Es giebt nemlich keinen ersten, und keinen zweiten, in der Erfindung unähnlicher Dinge. Vol. i., p. 180.

* See some excellent remarks on this subject, in Professor De Morgan's *Differential and Integral Calculus*, p. 32-34.

Calculus. He repeatedly makes this statement; and, amongst other places, in his correspondence with the Abbé Conti, who was anxious to reconcile the angry disputants. It was precisely this charge against his *honor*, implied in the statement of Dr. Keill, of which Leibnitz most bitterly complains.

There is one part of the statement just alluded to, and it is virtually justified in the well-known report of the committee of the Royal Society appointed to investigate this affair, and which compiled the celebrated collection of papers entitled *Commercium Epistolicum*, which has always appeared to us not only of little weight, as opposed to the solemn protestations above mentioned, but as palpably illogical. We are not aware that the peculiar infirmity in the argument to which we now refer, has ever been exposed, and it may therefore justify us in bestowing a few sentences upon it. As the charge of having possibly seen something explicit on the subject, in the papers, or in the communications of Newton's friends, was but vague, Keill proceeds to say, that the two well-known letters, which had *certainly* been communicated to Leibnitz through Mr. Oldenburg, contain "indications of the system of fluxions, sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind,* from which Leibnitz derived, or at least *might* derive, the principles of his Calculus."

The first was communicated in June, 1676, and the second in October, 1676. In the first, Newton gives an expression for the expansion in series of binomial powers; as also expressions for the sine in terms of the arc, for the arc in terms of the sine, &c., &c.; but the letter contains not a hint of his method of fluxions. In the second, elicited by a reply from Leibnitz, which clearly showed that the German mathematician was in the track of the same discoveries, Newton details the manner in which he first arrived at his method of Series—its application in 1665 to the quadrature of the hyperbola, and the construction of logarithms; and communicates "many other remarkable things," to use the words of Montucla. But still, results only are given; no hint is afforded of the methods by which they are attained. "The method of fluxions," says the late eminent Professor Playfair, "is not communicated in these letters; nor are the principles of it in any way suggested." "Nous remarquons ici," says Montucla—in reply to the insinuation that the second letter might have given some light—"qu'après avoir lu et relu cette lettre, nous y trouvons seulement cette méthode décrite quant à ses effets et ses avantages, mais non quant à ses principes." Those principles Newton conceals in a couple of anagrams, consisting of the transposed letters of the sentences which express them.

Now we affirm that it was in the highest degree unjust and inconsequential to say that Newton had afforded, in documents thus guarded, "indications sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind, from which Leibnitz derived, or at least might derive, the principles of his Calculus." Newton, it is evident, did not think so. His very object was, whether wisely or unwisely, to keep the matter secret; and it is clear that he thought his reserve and his ciphers would effectually secure that purpose. It is really a species of impertinence, scarcely consis-

tent with the reverence due to Newton's sagacity, to say that what *he* thought sufficiently guarded was "sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind;" and that, while *he* flattered himself that he had rendered the matter sufficiently dark, he had, in the very way in which he proposed the enigma, contrived to solve it!

We may be assured he was far more likely than Keill to judge correctly as to what regarded his secret; nor do we believe there is any one, who will calmly read the letters in question, who will maintain that this great man's sagacity was here at fault. If Leibnitz had really excogitated the differential calculus out of such materials as these letters, it would have been scarcely a less illustrious trophy of his genius than the discovery of the Calculus itself; while, if he had been able to make anything at all of the hieroglyphical ciphers, he must have had no less than the skill of that philosopher in Laputa, who, as Swift tells us, was employed in extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. In case, however, any tyro in the mathematics should think that these ciphers may have afforded some more hopeful basis of discovery, we give them below.*

In further confirmation of the claims of Leibnitz to the honor of independent discovery, it may be remarked, that though no candid man can deny the essential identity of the two methods, the very differences of terms and notation indicate that they were arrived at by distinct trains of thought, and that the subject was regarded from different points of view. The idea of the generation of magnitudes by the motion of a point, a line, or a surface, was the conception from which Newton worked; Leibnitz, from the idea of magnitudes, as consisting of infinitely small elements, and admitting increase or diminution by infinitely small increments or decrements. "Newton and Leibnitz," says a candid and competent judge, (Professor De Morgan,) "had independently come to the consideration of quantity, and each made the new step of connecting his ideas with a specific notation."

It may seem remarkable, that two different men should have made this sublime discovery at the same time, but we must remember, that the necessities of science were simultaneously turning the attention of all the mathematical genius of the age, and even of the preceding one, in the same direction; and that Newton and Leibnitz were both preëminently gifted with powers of invention and analysis. Indeed, so far had previous mathematicians paved the way for the solution of the great problem, that we may well say with Professor De Morgan, "It has, perhaps, not been sufficiently remarked, how nearly several of their predecessors approached the same ground; and it is a question worthy of discussion, whether either Newton or Leibnitz might not have found broader hints in writings accessible to both, than the latter was ever asserted to have received from the former."†

To conclude merely from the coincidence of their discoveries, that Leibnitz must have stolen from Newton, would be as little reasonable as to

* 1.)—6 a c c d æ 13 e f f 7 i 3 l 9 n 4 o 4 q r r 4 s 9 t
12 v x.

2.)—5 a c c d æ 10 e f f h 12 i 4 l 3 m 10 n 6 o q q r 7 s
11 t 10 v 3 x; 11 a b 3 c d d 10 æ g 10 i l l 4 m 7 n 6 o
3 p 3 q 6 r 5 s l l t 7 v x, 3 a c æ 4 e g h 6 i 4 l 4 m 5 n 8
o q 4 r 3 s 6 t 4 v, a a d æ e e e e e i i m m n n o o p r
r r s s s s t t u u.

† Elementary Illustrations of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

* Keill even goes further—"His indicia atque his adjutum exemplis, ingenium *culgarè* methodum Newtonianum penitus discerneret."—*Commercium Epistolicum*, No. 81.

suppose that Laplace must have had access to some private sources of information, when, by a very difficult analysis, he proved some of the results which De Moivre had attained, but which, in accordance with the contracted spirit of the age, the latter simply announced, carrying his methods as a secret to the grave with him.

That Leibnitz was capable of making this discovery, is no such extravagant supposition as to render it necessary to resort to a charge of plagiarism. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that his mathematical talents were equal to anything. The masterly manner in which he expounded the principles of the differential calculus, and developed its applications, even if we were to suppose its first hints borrowed from Newton; his admirable labors on the integral calculus; the success with which he entered the lists in those intellectual *jousts*, as they may be called, in which the great mathematicians of the day were wont to engage—the difficult problems he solved, and offered for solution; even his minor achievements—his calculating machine—his binary system of arithmetic—we may add, his juvenile essay *De Arte Combinatoriâ*—all show the highly inventive character of his genius, and the subtlety and comprehensiveness of his analytical powers.

If anything could make us doubt the claims of Leibnitz, it would be a statement of Dr. Guhrauer himself—proving, as it would, if true, that Leibnitz was capable of trifling with truth. It is well known that, in 1704, a notice appeared, in the *Acta Eruditorum*, of Newton's *Optics*. That notice contained a paragraph, which seemed to imply that Newton had been a plagiarist from Leibnitz. The obnoxious sentence given in all accounts of the controversy was as follows:—"Pro differentiis igitur Leibnitianis D. Newtonus adhibet, semperque adhibuit, fluxiones; * * * quemadmodum et honoratus Fabrius, in suâ Synopsi Geometricâ motuum progressus Cavallerianæ methodo substituit."

Newton felt highly indignant at this paragraph, as he well might—even supposing that no charge of plagiarism was intended. Leibnitz constantly affirmed in reply, that it could be interpreted into a charge of plagiarism only by a false and malicious gloss—a gloss which the compilers of the *Commercium Epistolicum* had not disdained to avail themselves of; that the very words "adhibet semperque adhibuit" were intended to imply the difference between the case of Newton and that of Fabri, to whose practice alone the word *substituit* applied.

Now, first, Dr. Guhrauer seems to have established the fact, that Leibnitz himself was the author of the obnoxious Review—a fact not much to his credit; secondly, he affirms that Leibnitz "constantly denied any knowledge of the authorship." If this fact were true, we should hardly know what to think of Leibnitz's regard for truth. But, in reality, there nowhere appears, in as far as we have been able to discover, any proof that Leibnitz either denied knowledge of the authorship, or disclaimed the paragraph. He constantly defends the statement it contains, merely denying that it conveyed or could be intended to convey a charge of plagiarism.* To the benefit of this interpretation we would charitably admit him, since he wishes his words to be so taken; but it is impossible not to suspect that the equivocal sentence

was framed with little care as to whether it might not be misunderstood. Indeed, so natural is the interpretation of Newton, and the English mathematicians, that Dr. Guhrauer himself adopts it; declares that Leibnitz vainly strove to explain the sentence away; and that it is a proof "von Leibnitzens wahrer eigenster Meinung und Gesinnung gegen Newton."

"Defend me from my friends," Leibnitz might well say on this occasion; for if we adopt this interpretation as Leibnitz's true meaning, what are we to think of his shuffling exculpations?

Dr. Guhrauer is not a little indignant with Sir David Brewster, for the supposed injustice which, in his *Life of Newton*, he has done to Leibnitz, and to which he frequently refers with much bitterness. Never was a complaint more unreasonable. Our distinguished countryman does not question Leibnitz's claim to be regarded as a true inventor of the Calculus; he merely asserts the undoubted *priority* of Newton's discovery. He expressly affirms, that there is no reason to believe Leibnitz a plagiarist; but that if there were any necessity for believing either to be so, it must be Leibnitz, and not Newton, who is open to the charge. Dr. Guhrauer angrily replies, not simply by saying, (which is true,) that there is no sufficient evidence of Leibnitz's having stolen Newton's invention, but by denying the essential identity of the two methods, and by affirming that they are so different as to be considered "unlike things;"—than which nothing can, in our judgment, be more uncandid.

There is only one statement which, as respects Leibnitz, Dr. Guhrauer could fairly find any fault with, in Sir David Brewster's work; and that is, that Keill had a "right to express his opinion" that the Letters of Newton, of 1676, gave indications from which Leibnitz "derived, or might derive," the principles of his Calculus. For reasons already assigned, we do not think that any man had a right to say this; nor that any one could say it, without being of a different opinion from Newton himself, who undoubtedly must have thought that he had not disclosed what he had designed to conceal. With no other statements of Sir David Brewster as regards Leibnitz, are we disposed to find fault. If he has shown any undue partiality in this matter at all, it is not by excessive severity towards Leibnitz, but by undeserved leniency towards Newton; for while he has expressed strong indignation at Leibnitz's atrocious charges of plagiarism against Newton, he has very gently touched the virulent reprisals into which Newton was betrayed; who even declared, at last, that Leibnitz's method was but a plagiarism from Barrow—a charge upon which only the very blindness of polemical animosity could have ventured; for it would equally show whence his own fluxions might have been derived. It exposed him at once to Leibnitz's quiet sarcasm, "that if any could have been profited by Barrow's instructions, it must have been Newton himself." "Si quelqu'un a profité de M. Barrow, ce sera plutôt M. Newton, qui a étudié sous lui, que moi; qui, autant que je puis m'en souvenir, n'ai vu les livres de M. Barrow qu'à mon second voyage d'Angleterre."

As both of these illustrious men could justly claim the honor of the disputed invention, so both, in the conduct of the controversy, and in the virulence of expression to which they were carried, in their reciprocal charges and accusations, exhibit

* Dutens' Edition of his Works, vol. iii., p. 461, &c.

themselves in much the same sorry light as the philosopher in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who begins to lecture the rival masters of dancing and fencing out of Seneca, and ends by forgetting that he is a philosopher altogether. The controversy is indeed an instructive spectacle of human infirmity—showing how passion can cloud the serenest intellects, and inflame the most philosophic temperaments; that its thunder-storms may be found in the highest latitudes—disturbing the frigid poles as well as the burning tropics; that there is no domain of speculation, however remote, or purely abstract, into which it cannot intrude; and that the mathematician, as well as the theologian, can exhibit all the rancor of the most vulgar controvertists. There is probably nothing parallel in history, except the controversy between the nominalists and realists, who actually began to fight for and against their shadowy universals. Yet even they first added a religious to the purely speculative element, which they at last introduced to such an extent, that they charged each the other with having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost! Newton and Leibnitz had neither the excuse nor the guilt of this superadded provocation.*

However paradoxical apparently may be the phraseology of Leibnitz, in his first expositions of the Differential Calculus, respecting his infinitesimal quantities, (as, that there are quantities infinitely less than quantities infinitely little, and that of two quantities infinitely great, one may be infinitely greater than the other,) it is plain, that he soon worked his own conceptions completely clear, and gave his abbreviated expressions their true interpretation. The explanations of Leibnitz are in fact often so perspicuous, that they ought to have satisfied every objector; and to have prevented the elegant and ingenious nonsense which Bishop Berkeley ventured upon, in regard to them, more than thirty years after, in his *Analyst*. Thus, among many other places, in an explanatory letter to M. Varignon, in 1701, Leibnitz says:—

“Je ne me souviens pas assez des expressions dont je puis m'être servi : mais mon dessein a été de marquer qu'on n'a pas besoin de faire dépendre l'analyse mathématique des controverses métaphysiques, ni d'assurer qu'il y a dans la nature des lignes infiniment petite à la rigueur, en comparaison des nôtres, ni par conséquent qu'il y a des lignes infiniment plus grandes que les nôtres. C'est pourquoi afin d'éviter ces subtilités j'ai crû que

*One other unjust statement of Dr. Guhrauer's, we cannot pass unnoticed. The unhappy controversy on the Calculus commenced, it is well known, by some slight skirmishes in the year 1699, when Fatio insinuated, that the applause which Leibnitz was receiving for his Differential Calculus, (first given to the world by him in 1684,) would be more justly bestowed on Newton—its first inventor. Dr. Guhrauer is pleased to intimate that Newton was privy to Fatio's attack, and prompted it. This is most unjust, as it is in express contradiction to Newton's assertion, that he knew nothing of Fatio's intention, and was no party to it. In several other places Dr. G. insinuates, that it is easy to see that Newton was behind the curtain in the early attacks on Leibnitz, (vol. i., p. 303.) though he did not choose to appear in the controversy himself. Whether it was wise or not in Newton to stand so long aloof—whether it was in sullen pride or real magnanimity—from confidence in his claims, or dislike of controversy—certain it is, that during all the earlier stages of the dispute he remained silent; and being so, no man has a right to charge on him, without explicit evidence, the language of his adherents, whose just pride in the reputation of their countryman is quite sufficient to account both for the rashness of their zeal, and the intemperance of their expressions.

pour rendre le raisonnement sensible à tout le monde, il suffisait d'expliquer ici l'infini par l'incomparable, c'est-à-dire, de concevoir des quantités incomparablement plus grandes ou plus petites que les nôtres; ce qui fournit autant qu'on veut de degrés d'incomparables, puisque ce qui est incomparablement plus petit, entre inutilement en ligne de compte à l'égard de celui qui est incomparablement plus grand que lui. C'est ainsi qu'une parcelle de matière magnétique, qui passe à travers du verre, n'est pas comparable avec un grain de sable, ni ce grain avec le globe de la terre, ni ce globe avec le firmament.”

Dr. Guhrauer is very severe on the “narrowness of mind” implied in Newton's concealing his fluxions under ciphers, in his correspondence with Leibnitz; and contrasts it with the frank and manly conduct of the latter, when, in his reply to Newton's second letter, he communicated the principles of his Calculus to his rival. It ought at all events to reconcile Dr. Guhrauer to Newton's procedure, that it formed in fact the safeguard of Leibnitz's claims; for had Newton disclosed his secret, it would have been impossible to establish them.

We must now conclude, though we could have wished to add a few observations on several other matters;—on Leibnitz's religious opinions,* and theological controversies—especially with Clarke, Bossuet, and Pelisson—on his political and diplomatic life, in which, with its accustomed versatility, he seems to have been as much at his ease as in literature and science†—on the influence he exerted on literature as the centre of all the literary commerce of the age—an influence which Mr. Stewart has so justly appreciated, and finely illustrated in his well-known *Dissertation*. But on all these topics our space compels us to be silent, while on others we gladly content ourselves with referring to the admirable criticisms of the last-

*Of Leibnitz's reputed adoption of the doctrines of Romanism, we have said nothing. It is certain that if he adopted he never avowed them, nor did he ever join the Romish communion. If the unfinished manuscript, called the *Systema Theologicum*, (not so entitled by him,) really expresses his views, it is, as Dr. Guhrauer observes, “in opposition to all his other writings, and to his whole life also.” Dr. Guhrauer's remarks on its origin and purport may be found in vol. ii., pp. 32-34. He also treats the whole question of Leibnitz's opinions on this subject very ably in vol. i., pp. 340-358. It is at the same time certain, that Leibnitz's tolerant temper, the eclecticism of his philosophy, which always disposed him to find points of reconciliation in opposing systems, whether those of Aristotle and Des Cartes, or of Rome and Luther, his reverence for antiquity, cherished by his profound historical researches—all predisposed him to regard the differences between Romanists and Protestants as far less important than they are. In the attempt to negotiate a reconciliation between them, he expended no small portion of his time and energies, and, in his controversy with Bossuet, he sometimes makes far too liberal concessions for that object.—It is not a little curious, and highly characteristic, that he always flattered himself that he was in possession of a metaphysical solution of the doctrine of transubstantiation. In this instance at least he verified a naïve assertion he was accustomed to make respecting himself.—“That to him, unlike the generality of people, all difficult things were easy, and all easy things difficult.”

†Of this, a proof rendered more especially remarkable by long subsequent events, is furnished in a memorial addressed by him to Louis XIV., proposing that memorable plan for keeping some of the chief nations of Europe in check, afterwards attempted to be consummated by Bonaparte; namely, the *conquest and colonization of Egypt*. Of this posthumous piece, an English translation was published in London, in 1803, but which seems now entirely forgotten.

mentioned writer, and his other illustrious coadjutors, Sir James Mackintosh and Professor Playfair, in their associated Dissertations on the History of Metaphysical, Ethical, Mathematical, and Physical Science.* In each of these, Leibnitz is made, so to speak, to reënter; for while few other names appear in more than one of them, he is of sufficient importance to be subjected to a fresh examination in all. So various, indeed, are the phases of his character and genius, so numberless his accomplishments, that we may apply to him the well-known lines of Dryden, divested of the satire which was designed in their original application—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

From Chambers' Journal.

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and—so to speak—grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes natural to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverential remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam—a heavy dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam—a sharp snappish sound, which seems to say, "I despise you." Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar.

* Prefixed to the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

On all of these, and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant's angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as point out a fault; a son's slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slamming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first-rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-rooms for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, shrugs, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring without words to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one's friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none but themselves understand. What are the rest to do!—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn? This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a "knowing look." But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—"Right: you have it—the thing is undeniable." Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—coloring—tone—aerial perspective—scrubbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness o

eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, side-long glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; and, finally, a toss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticizing and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an appearance of consequence—making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity—witness the proceedings of children—and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places—the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impressé* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mute dodging—to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons “not proper”—would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite skepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed—liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

SUNLIGHT UPON THE WATERS.

SUNLIGHT upon the waters—or when, hushed, !
The mirrored lake reflects it, beam for beam—
Or when it seems, on ripples radiance-flushed,
A rain of stars—how beautiful to seem !—
When, with the cataract, it leaps and dashes
Down to the atoms-shattered spray below,
And, ere the dazzled eye can drink its flashes,
Melts to the semblance of the heavenly bow ;
When, in that bow itself, serenely spread
O'er the storm-featured concave, it appears
A pathway for th' Invisible to tread ;
A gorgeous arch, connecting holier spheres ;
Then, sunlight on the waters is a theme
For poet's raptured gaze, and loftiest mystic dream.

Lo ! on a lesser scale, 't is still the theme—
Spangling in dewdrops o'er the bladed grass ;
Bright'ning the shallows of the pebbled stream,
Through which the naked-footed urchins pass ;
When, in some reservoir, or large, or small,
It draws the basking inmates to the brim,
As, on their scales of gold and silver, fall
Th' exhilarating rays in which they swim ;
Or when some well-oared boat, in swift advance,
Quickens the strokes from which the waters
glance ;
Or when, to take her bath, th' imperial swan
Flutters, for glee, the surface in her track,
Stoops her arched neck, down diving, and, anon,
Showers liquid brilliants o'er her plumage-ruffled
back.

Treble, the theme !—when, viewed from some
great height,
At morn, it radiates skyward from the main ;
Or when, at noon, insufferably bright,
The billows blaze along the wat'ry plain ;
Or when, at even, in the purpling west,
The fleecy vapors catch chameleon-dyes,
While at their feet, in softened splendor dressed,
The undulating ocean, murmur'ing, lies ;
Or when, by terraced lawn, or statued place,
Some cooling fountain jets translucent streams,
Which, from their crested summits to their base,
Freshen and revel in the pervious beams ;—
And, in each phase, the poet will perceive
The beautiful on earth, in which his race believe.

Rural Sonnets.

A HOME-SONNET.

THE world is with me, and its many cares—
Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
The shades of former and of future years—
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
Quelling a spirit that was once elate.
Heavens ! what a wilderness the earth appears,
Where youth, and mirth, and health, are out of
date !

But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
And, gladly turning from the world's annoy,
I gaze upon a little radiant face,
And bless, internally, the merry boy
Who makes a son-shine in a shady place.

Hood's Poems.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.*

THERE are few things more striking than the analogy in civil and physical changes of the world. There have been in the history of man periods as distinctive as in the history of nations. From these periods society and nations have alike assumed new aspects, and the world has commenced a new career. The fall of the Roman empire was the demarkation between the old world and the new. It was the moral deluge, out of which a new condition of man, new laws, new forms of religion, new styles of thought, almost a totally new configuration of human society were to arise. A new settlement of the civil world took place: power absorbed by one race of mankind was to be divided among various races; and the development of principles of government and society, hitherto unknown, was to be scarcely less memorable, less unexpected, or less productive, than that voyage by which Columbus doubled the space of the habitable globe.

The Reformation was another mighty change. It introduced civil liberty into the empire of tyranny, religion into the realm of superstition, and science into the depths of national ignorance. The French Revolution was the last, and not the least powerful change within human experience. Its purpose is, like its operation, still dubious. Whether it came simply for wrath, or simply for restoration—whether, like the earthquake of Lisbon, it came only to destroy, and leave its ruins visible for a century to come; to clear the ground of incumbrances too massive for the hand of man, and open the soil for exertions nobler than the old, must be left to time to interpret. But there can be no question, that the most prominent agency, the most powerful influence, and the most dazzling lustre of a period in which all the stronger impulses of our being were in the wildest activity, centred in the character of one man, and that man—Napoleon.

It is evidently a law of Providence, that all the great changes of society shall be the work of individual minds. Yet when we recollect the difficulty of effecting any general change, embracing the infinite varieties of human interests, caprices, passions and purposes, nothing could seem more improbable. But it has always been the course of things. Without Charlemagne, the little principalities of Gothic Europe would never have been systematized into an empire;—without Luther, what could have been the progress of the Reformation!—without Napoleon, the French Revolution would have burnt itself out, vanished into air, or sunk into ashes. He alone collected its materials, combined them into a new and powerful shape, crowned this being of his own formation with the imperial robe, erected it in the centre of Europe, and called the nations to bow down before a new idol, like the gods of the Indian known only by its mysterious frown, the startling splendor of its diadem, and the swords and serpents grasped in its hands.

That the character of Napoleon was a singular compound of the highest intellectual powers with the lowest moral qualities, is evidently the true description of this extraordinary being. This combination alone accounts for the rapidity, the splendor of his career, and the sudden and terrible com-

pleteness of his fall. Nothing less than preëminent capacity could have shot him up through the clouds and tempests of the Revolution into the highest place of power. A mixture of this force of mind and desperate selfishness of heart could alone have suggested and sustained the system of the imperial wars, policy, and ambition; and the discovery of his utter faithlessness could alone have rendered all thrones hopeless of binding him by the common bonds of sovereign to sovereign, and compelled them to find their only security for the peace of Europe in consigning him to a dungeon. He was the only instance in modern history of a monarch dethroned by a universal conviction; warred against by mankind, as the sole object of the war; delivered over into captivity by the unanimous judgment of nations; and held in the same unrelaxing and judicial fetters until he died.

It is another striking feature of this catastrophe, that the whole family of Napoleon sank along with him. They neither possessed his faculties, nor were guilty of his offences. But as they had risen solely by him, they perished entirely with him. Future history will continually hover over this period of our annals, as the one which most resembles some of those fabrications of the oriental genius, in which human events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air; in which fantastic fallacies are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the necromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. Human recollection has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and so irretrievably overthrown. The kings of earth are not undone at a blow; kingdoms do not change their rulers without a struggle. Great passions and great havoc have always preceded and followed the fall of monarchies. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hand of man. The surrender of the crown by Napoleon extinguished the crowns actually ruling over millions, and virtually influencing the whole continent. They were extinguished, too, at the moment when the imperial crown disappeared. It had no sooner been crushed at Waterloo, than they all fell into fragments, of themselves;—the whole dynasty went down with Napoleon into the dungeon, and not one of them has since returned to the world.

The name of General Count Montholon is well known to this country, as that of a brave officer, who, after acquiring distinguished rank in the French army by his sword, followed Napoleon to St. Helena; remained with him during his captivity; and upon his death was made the depositary of his papers, and his executor. But his own language, in a letter dated from the Castle of Ham in June, 1844, gives the best account of his authority and his proceedings.

"A soldier of the republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister-plenipotentiary in Germany in 1812 and 1813, I could, like others, have left memoirs concerning the things which I saw; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing, a single event, and a single man. The thing is Waterloo; the event, the fall of the empire; and the man, Napoleon."

He then proceeds to tell us, that he shared the St. Helena captivity for six years; that for forty-

* *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena.* By GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

two nights he watched the dying bed of the ex-monarch; and that, by Napoleon's express desire, he closed his eyes. But to those duties of private friendship were affixed official services, which looked much more like tyranny than the tribute of personal regard, and which we should think must have worn out the patience, and tried the constitution, of the most devoted follower of this extraordinary captive.

Napoleon, though apparently contemptuous of the opinions of mankind, evidently felt the strongest anxiety to make out a favorable statement for himself. And all his hours, except the few devoted to exercise on horseback and to sleep, and to his meals, were employed in completing the narrative which was to clear up his character to mankind.

During the last years passed in St. Helena, Napoleon sent for the count every night at eleven o'clock, and continued dictating to him till six in the morning, when he went into the bath, dismissing the count with—"Come, my son, go and repose, and come to me again at nine o'clock. We shall have breakfast, and resume the labors of the night." At nine, he returned, and remained with him till one, when Napoleon went to bed. Between four and five, he sent for the count again, who dined with him every day, and at nine o'clock left him, to return at eleven.

The world little knew the drudgery to which these unfortunate followers of the ex-emperor were thus exposed, and they must all have rejoiced at any termination of a toil so remorseless and so uncheering.

Napoleon was fond of the Turkish doctrine of fatality. Whether so acute a mind was capable of believing a doctrine so palpably contradicted by the common circumstances of life, and so utterly repugnant to reason, can scarcely be a question; but with him, as with the Turks, it was a capital doctrine for the mighty machine which he called an army. But the count seems to have been a true believer. He, too, pronounces, that "destiny is written," and regards himself as being under the peculiar influence of a malignant star, or, in his own words: "In fact, without having sought it, my destiny brought me into contact with the emperor in the Elysée Bourbon, conducted me, without my knowing it, to the shores of Boulogne, where honor imposed upon me the necessity of not abandoning the nephew of the emperor in presence of the dangers by which he was surrounded. Irrevocably bound to the misfortunes of a family, I am now perishing in Ham; the captivity commenced in St. Helena."

Of Count Montholon, it must be acknowledged, that he was unstained by either the vices or the violences which scandalized Europe so frequently in the leaders of the French armies. He appears to have been at all times a man of honorable habits, as he certainly is of striking intelligence. But we have no faith in his doctrine of the star, and think that he would have acted much more wisely if he had left the stars to the care of themselves, avoided the blunder of mistaking the nephew of Napoleon for a hero and a genius, and stayed quietly in London, instead of risking himself with an invasion of valets to take the diadem off the most sagacious head in Europe.

The narrative commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after his renown, his throne, and his dynasty were alike crushed by the British charge at Waterloo. He reached Paris at six in

the morning of the 21st. It is now clear that the greatest blunder of this extraordinary man was his flight from the army. If he had remained at its head, let its shattered condition be what it might, he would have been powerful, have awed the growing hostility of the capital, and have probably been able to make peace alike for himself and his nation. But by hurrying to Paris, all was lost: he stripped himself of his strength; he threw himself on the mercy of his enemies; and palpably capitulated to the men who, but the day before, were trembling under the fear of his vengeance.

Nobleness of heart is essential to all true renown; and perhaps it is not less essential to all real security. Napoleon, with talents which it is perfectly childish to question, though the attempt has been made since the close of his brilliant career, wanted this nobleness of heart, and through its want ultimately perished. Of the bravery of him who fought the splendid campaigns of Italy, and of the political sagacity of him who raised himself from being a subaltern of artillery to a sovereign of sovereigns, there can be no doubt. But his selfishness was so excessive that it occasionally made both contemptible, and gave his conduct alike the appearance of cowardice, and the appearance of infatuation. His flight from Egypt, leaving his army to be massacred or captured, disgraced him in the face of Europe. His flight from Russia, leaving the remnant of his legions to be destroyed, was a new scandal; but hitherto no evil had been produced by this gross regard of self. The penalty, however, must be paid. His flight from the army in Belgium, leaving it without counsel or direction, to be crushed by a victorious enemy, was the third instance of that ignoble preference of his own objects which had characterized and stained his Egyptian and Russian career. But retribution was now come, and he was to be undone. The slaughter of Waterloo had been tremendous, but it was not final. The loss of the French army had been computed at forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and dispersed. He had come into the field with seventy-two thousand men, independent of Grouchy. He had thus thirty thousand remaining. Grouchy's force of thirty thousand was still untouched, and was able to make its way to Paris. In addition to these sixty thousand, strong garrisons had been left in all the fortresses, which he might without difficulty have gathered upon his retreat. The Parisian national guard would have augmented this force, probably, on the whole, to one hundred thousand men. It is true that the allied Russian and Austrian forces were on the frontier. But they had not yet moved, and could not prevent the march of those reinforcements. Thus, without reckoning the provincial militia of France, or calculating on a *levée en masse*, Napoleon within a fortnight might have been at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, while the pursuing army could not have mustered half the number. He would thus have had time for negotiation; and time with him was everything. Or let the event be what it might, the common sense of the allies would have led them to avoid a direct collision with so powerful a force fighting on its own ground under the walls of the capital, and knowing that the only alternatives were complete triumph or total ruin.

Count Montholon makes a remark on the facility with which courtiers make their escape from a falling throne, which has been so often exemplified in history. But it was never more strikingly exem-

plified than in the double overthrow of Napoleon. "At Fontainebleau, in 1814," says the count, "when I hastened to offer to carry him off with the troops under my command, I found no one in those vast corridors, formerly too small for the crowd of courtiers, except the Duke of Bassano and two aides-de-camp." His whole court, down to his Mameluke and valet, had run off to Paris, to look for pay and place under the Bourbons. In a similar case in the next year, at the Elysée Bourbon, he found but two counts and an equerry. It was perfectly plain to all the world but Napoleon himself that his fate was decided.

There certainly seems to have been something in his conduct at this period that can scarcely be accounted for but by infatuation. His first act, the desertion of his army, was degrading to his honor, but his conduct on his arrival was not less degrading to his sagacity. Even his brother Lucien said that he was blinded with the smoke of Waterloo. He seems to have utterly lost that distinct view and fierce decision which formerly characterized all his conduct. It was no more the cannon-shot or the thunder-clap, it was the wavering of a mind suddenly perplexed by the difficulties which he would once have solved by a sentence and overwhelmed by resistance—which he would have once swept away like a swarm of flies. The leader of armies was crushed by a conspiracy of clerks, and the sovereign of the continent was sent to the dungeon by a cabal of his own slaves.

While Napoleon was thus lingering in the Elysée Bourbon, the two chambers of the legislature were busily employed between terror and intrigue. The time was delicate, for the Bourbons and the allies were approaching. But, on the other hand, the fortunes of Napoleon might change; tardiness in recognizing the Bourbons might be fatal to their hopes of place, but the precipitancy of abandoning Napoleon might bring their heads under the knife of the guillotine. All public life is experimental, and there never was a time when the experiment was of a more tremulous description.

At length they began to act; and the first precaution of the chamber of deputies was to secure their own existence. Old Lafayette moved a resolution, that the man should be regarded as a traitor to the country who made any attempt to dissolve the chamber. This was an obvious declaration against the authority of the empire. The next motion was, that General Becker should be appointed commandant of the guard ordered to protect the legislature. This was a provision against the mob of Paris. The legislature was now safe from its two prominent perils. In the mean time, Napoleon had made another capital blunder. He had held a council of the ministers, to which he proposed the question, whether he should proceed in person to the chamber of deputies, and demand supplies, or send his brothers and ministers to make the communication. Three of the ministers approved of his going in person, but the majority disapproved of it—on the plea of its being a dangerous experiment, in the excited state of the public passions. If Napoleon had declined this counsel, which arose from either pusillanimity or perfidy, it is perfectly possible that he might have silenced all opposition. The known attachment of the troops, the superstition connected with his fortunes, the presence of the man whom they all so lately worshipped, as the Indians worship the serpent for the poison of its fang, might have pro-

duced a complete revulsion. Napoleon, too, was singularly eloquent—his language had a romantic splendor which captivates the artificial taste of the nation; and with an imperial figure before them, surrounded with more powerful incidents than the drama could ever offer, and threatening a fifth act which might involve the fate of France and Europe, the day might have finished by a new burst of national enthusiasm, and the restoration of Napoleon to the throne, with all his enemies in the legislature chained to its footstool.

But he sent his brother Joseph to the chamber of peers, and received the answer to his mission next morning, in a proposal which was equivalent to a demand for his abdication.

A council of ministers was again held on this proposal. The same three who had voted for his presence in the chamber, now voted for his rejection of the proposal. The majority, however, were against them. Napoleon yielded to the majority. He had lost his opportunity—and in politics opportunity is everything. He had now nothing more to lose. He drew up an acknowledgment of his abdication; but appended to it the condition of proclaiming his son, Napoleon Second, emperor of the French. This was an artifice, but it was unworthy even of the art of Napoleon. He must have been conscious that the allies would have regarded this appointment as a trick to ensure his own restoration. His son was yet a child; a regent must have been appointed; Napoleon would have naturally been that regent; and in six months, or on the first retreat of the allies, he would as naturally have reappointed himself emperor. The trick was too shallow for his sagacity, and it was impossible to hope that it could have been suffered by the allies. Yet it passed the chamber, and Napoleon Second was acknowledged within the walls. But the acknowledgment was laughed at without them; the allies did not condescend to notice it; and the allies proceeded to their work of restoration as if he had never existed. In fact, the dynasty was at an end; a provisional government was appointed, with Fouché at its head, and the name of Napoleon was pronounced no more.

Count Montholon gives a brief but striking description of the confusion, dismay, and despair, into which Waterloo had thrown the Bonapartists. He had hurried to the Elysée a few hours after the arrival of Bonaparte from the field. He met the Duke of Vicenza coming out, with a countenance of dejection, and asked him what was going on. "All is lost," was the answer. "You arrived to-day, as you did at Fontainebleau, only to see the emperor resign his crown. The leaders of the chambers desire his abdication. They will have it; and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. At night, on the 19th, a short note in pencil was left with my Swiss, announcing the destruction of the army. The same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic dispatch had brought news of victory; we both hastened to the Duke of Otranto; he assured us with all his cadaverous coldness that he knew nothing. He knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning; there is no longer any possible illusion. All is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week."

The count remained forty-eight hours at the palace. The fallen emperor had now made up his mind to go to America, and the count promised to accompany him. A couple of regiments, formed

of the workmen of the Faubourg St. Germain, marching by the palace, now demanded that Napoleon should put himself at their head and take vengeance on his enemies. But he well knew the figure which the volunteers of the mob would make in front of the bayonets which had crushed his guard at Waterloo, and he declined the honor of this new command. A few courtiers, who adhered to him still, continued to talk of his putting himself at the head of the national force. But Waterloo had effectually cured him of the passion for soldiership, and he constantly appealed to his unwillingness to shed the blood of Frenchmen. It was at least evident that he intended to tempt the field no more, but after being the cause of shedding the blood of two millions of the people, his reserve was romantic.

The count was sent to dismiss the volunteers, and they having performed their act of heroism, and offered to challenge the whole British army, were content with the glory of the threat, and heroically marched home to their shops.

But Montholon, on returning again, addressed Napoleon on the feasibility of attacking Wellington and Blucher with the battalions of the Messrs. Calicot, upon which the ex-emperor made the following solemn speech: "To put into action the brute force of the masses, would without doubt save Paris, and ensure me the crown, without having recourse to the horrors of a civil war. But this would be also to risk the shedding of rivers of fresh blood. What is the compressive force which would be sufficiently strong to regulate the outburst of so much passion, hatred, and vengeance? No, I never can forget one thing, that I have been brought from Cannes to Paris in the midst of cries for blood, 'Down with the priests!' 'Down with the nobles!' I would rather have the regrets of France than possess its crown."

There is no country in the world, where Napoleon's own phrase, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, is more perpetually and practically realized than in France. Here was a man utterly ruined, without a soldier on the face of the earth, all but a prisoner, abandoned by every human being who could be of the slightest service to him, beaten in the field, beaten on his own ground, and now utterly separated from his remaining troops, and with a hundred thousand of the victors rushing after him, hour by hour, to Paris. Yet he talks as if he had the world still at his disposal, applauds his own magnanimity in declining the impossible combat, vaunts his own philosophy in standing still, when he could neither advance nor retreat, and gives himself credit as a philanthropist, when he was on the very point of being handed over to the enemy as a prisoner. Some unaccountable tricks of a lower description now began to be played on the goods and chattels of the Elysée Bourbon. A case containing snuff-boxes adorned with portraits set in diamonds, was laid by Bertrand on the mantel-piece. He accidentally turned to converse with General Montholon at the window. Only one person entered the room. The count does not give his name—he was evidently a person of rank. On turning to the mantel-piece again, the case was gone.

One of the ministers had brought some negotiable paper to the amount of several millions of francs into the emperor's chamber. The packet was placed under one of the cushions of the sofa. Only one person, and that one a man of rank who had served in Italy, entered the chamber. Napoleon

went to look for the money, calculated a moment, and a million and a half of francs, or about £60,000 sterling, had been taken in the interim. Those were times for thievery, and the plunderers of Europe were now on the alert, to make spoil of each other. The allies were still advancing, but they were not yet in sight; and the mob of Paris, who had been at first delighted to find that the war was at an end, having nothing else to do, and thinking that, as Wellington and Blucher had not arrived within a week, they would not arrive within a century, began to clamor *Vive l'Empereur!* Fouché and the provisional government began to feel alarm, and it was determined to keep Napoleon out of sight of the mob. Accordingly they ordered him to be taken to Malmaison; and on the 25th, towards nightfall, Napoleon submissively quitted the Elysée, and went to Malmaison. At Malmaison he remained for the greater part of the time, in evident fear of being put to death, and in fact a prisoner.—Such was the fate of the most powerful sovereign that Europe had seen since Charlemagne. Such was the humiliation of the conqueror, who, but seven years before, had summoned the continental sovereigns to bow down to his footstool at Erfurth; and who wrote to Talma the actor these words of supreme arrogance—"Come to Erfurth, and you shall play before a pit-full of kings."

From this period, day by day, a succession of measures was adopted by the government to tighten his chain. He was ordered to set out for the coast, nominally with the intention of giving him a passage to America. But we must doubt that intention. Fouché, the head of the government, had now thrown off the mask which he had worn so many years. And it was impossible for him to expect forgiveness, in case of any future return of Napoleon to power. But Napoleon, in America, would have been at all times within one-and-twenty days of Paris. And the mere probability of his return would have been enough to make many a pillow sleepless in Paris. We are to recollect also, that the English ministry must have been perfectly aware of the arrest of Napoleon; that St. Helena had been already mentioned as a place of security for his person; and that if it was essential to the safety of Europe—a matter about which Fouché probably cared but little; it was not less essential to the safety of Fouché's own neck—a matter about which he always cared very much, that the ex-emperor should never set foot in France again.

The result was, an order from the minister at war Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, couched in the following terms. We give it as a document of history.

"General, I have the honor to transmit to you the subjoined decree, which the commission of government desires you to notify the Emperor Napoleon: at the same time informing his majesty, that the circumstances are become imperative, and that it is necessary for him immediately to decide on setting out for the Isle of Aix. This decree has been passed as much for the safety of his person as for the interest of the state, which ought always to be dear to him. Should the emperor not adopt the above mentioned resolution, on your notification of this decree, it will then be your duty to exercise the strictest surveillance, both with a view of preventing his majesty from leaving Malmaison, and of guarding against any attempt upon his life. You will station guards at all the approaches to Malmaison. I have written to the inspector-gen-

eral of the gendarmerie, and to the commandant of Paris, to place such of the gendarmerie and troops as you may require at your disposal.

"I repeat to you, general, that this decree has been adopted solely for the good of the state, and the personal safety of the emperor. Its prompt execution is indispensable, as the future fate of his majesty and his family depends on it. It is unnecessary to say to you, general, that all your measures should be taken with the greatest possible secrecy.

(Signed) "PRINCE OF ECKMUHL,
"Marshal and Minister of War."

Those documents which have now appeared, we believe, for the first time authentically; will be of importance to the historian, and of still higher importance to the moralist. Who could have once believed that the most fiery of soldiers, the most subtle of statesmen, and the proudest of sovereigns, would ever be the subject of a rescript like the following! It begins with an absolute command that "Napoleon Bonaparte" (it has already dropped the emperor) "shall remain in the roads of the Isle of Aix till the arrival of passports." It then proceeds:—"It is of importance to the well-being of the state, which should not be indifferent to him, that he should remain till his fate, and that of his family, have been definitely regulated. French honor is interested in such an issue; but in the mean time every precaution should be taken for the personal safety of Napoleon, and that he must not be allowed to leave the place of his present sojourn.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.
"THE PRINCE OF ECKMUHL."

A similar document was issued to General Beker, signed by Carnot and Caulaincourt. Count Montholon remarks, with sufficient justice, on the signature of Caulaincourt to this paper, that the emperor would have been extremely astonished to see that name subscribed to a letter in which he was called Napoleon—if anything could have astonished the former exile of Elba, and the future exile of St. Helena.

This must have been a period of the deepest anxiety to the imperial prisoner. He evidently regarded his life as unsafe; thought that he discovered in the project of his journey a determination to throw him either into the hands of assassins or of the French king, and formally announced his refusal to leave Malmaison "until informed of his fate by the Duke of Wellington." He was now reduced to the lowest ebb. He acknowledged himself powerless, hopeless, and utterly dependent on the will of his conqueror. The bitterness of heart which dictated such words must have been beyond all description. He was now abandoned by the few who had followed him from the Elysée.

But time was pressing; Wellington was advancing with rapid steps, and there was a possibility that he might capture Napoleon at Malmaison. Troops were sent to burn the neighboring bridge, and precautions were taken to prevent the catastrophe. A division of the army coming from the Vendée halted before the palace, and insisted on seeing Napoleon, and on being led by him to battle. This was a rodомontade, with the advanced troops of the whole army now within sight of Paris. But it was enough to betray him into the absurdity of proposing to try another chance for his crown. Beker was sent to Paris to try the effect of this communication. Fouché gave for

answer, the simple fact that the Prussians were advancing on Versailles. The sitting of the provisional government would have been worth the hand of a great painter. Fouché, after sharply rebuking the general for bringing in his proposal from Malmaison, made him sit down at his side, while he wrote a peremptory and decided refusal. Carnot was walking gloomily up and down the room. Caulaincourt, Baron Quinette, and General Grenier, sat silently around the table. Not a word was uttered except by the Duke of Otranto. The general received his dispatch and departed. On passing through the anterooms, he found them filled with generals and high civil officers, who all expressed but one opinion on the necessity of getting rid of Napoleon. "Let him set off, let him go," was the universal cry. "We can undertake nothing for either his personal good or Paris." There was now no alternative. Napoleon must either remain and fall into the hands of Louis XVIII., who had already proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, or he must try to make his escape by sea. On the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, he entered the carriage which was to convey him to the coast, leaving Paris behind, to which he was never to return alive, but to which his remains have returned in a posthumous triumph, twenty-six years after, on the 15th of September, 1840.

On his arrival at Rochfort, all the talent of the French for projects was immediately in full exercise. Never was there so many castles in the air built in so short a time. Proposals were made to smuggle the prisoner to the United States in a Danish merchant vessel, in which, in case of search, he was to be barrelled in a hogshead perforated with breathing holes.

Another project was, to put him on board a kind of fishing-boat manned by midshipmen, and thus escape the English. A third project proposed, that the two French frigates anchored under the guns of the Isle of Aix should put to sea together; that one of them should run alongside Captain Maitland's ship, and attack her fiercely, with the hope of distracting her attention, even with the certainty of being destroyed, while the other frigate made her escape with Napoleon on board. This is what the French would call a *grande pensée*, and quite as heroic as anything in a melodrama of the Porte St. Martin. But the captain of the leading frigate declined the distinction, and evidently thought it not necessary that he and his crew should be blown out of the water, as they certainly would have been if they came in contact with the Bellerophon; so this third project perished.

After a few days of this busy foolery, the prisoner, startled by the new reports of the success of the allies everywhere, and too sagacious not to feel that the hands of the French king might be the most dangerous into which the murderer of the Duc D'Enghien could fall; looking with evident contempt upon the foolish projects for his escape, and conscious that his day was done, resolved to throw himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, the commander of the Bellerophon, then anchored in Basque roads. On the night of the 10th, Savery and Las Cases were sent on board the English ship, to inquire whether the captain would allow a French or neutral ship, or the frigates with Napoleon on board, to pass free? Captain Maitland simply answered, that he had received no orders except those ordinarily given in case of war; but

that he should attack the frigates if they attempted to pass; that if a neutral flag came in his way, he would order it to be searched as usual. But that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the case, he would communicate with the admiral in command.

A circumstance occurred on this occasion, which brought M. Las Cases into no small disrepute afterwards. The captain hospitably asked Las Cases and Savary to lunch with him, and, while at table, inquired whether they understood English. He was answered that they did not; and the captain, though of course relying upon the answer, made his observations in English to his officers, while he addressed the Frenchman in his own tongue. It was afterwards ascertained that Las Cases, who had been an emigrant for some years in England, understood English perfectly. Nothing could therefore be more pitiful than his conduct in suffering the captain to believe that he was ignorant on the subject, and thus obtain a confidence to which he had no right. The circumstance, as Count Montholon says—"was afterwards made a bitter reproach against Las Cases; the English charging him with a violation of honor; because, as they affirmed, he had positively declared that he was unacquainted with their language, when the question was put to him at the commencement of the conference. This, however," says Count Montholon, "is not correct." And how does he show that it is not correct? "The question," says he, "was put collectively, that is, to both alike, and Savary alone answered in the negative." Of course the answer was understood collectively, and comprised M. Las Cases as well as M. Savary. In short, the conduct was contemptible, and the excuse not much better. Las Cases, of course, should not have allowed any other person's word to be taken, when it led to a delusion. It is possible that Savary was unacquainted with his companion's knowledge of the English—though when we recollect that Savary was minister of police, and that Las Cases was about the court of Napoleon, it is difficult to conceive his ignorance on the subject. But in all instances, there could be no apology for his fellow-Frenchman's sitting to hear conversations of which he was supposed, on the credit of Savary's word, and his own silence, to comprehend nothing.

It happily turns out, however, that all this *dexterity* had only the effect of blinding the parties themselves.

"This mystification and piece of diplomatic chicanery"—we use the language of the volume—"proved in fact, rather detrimental than useful; for, no doubt, the information thus gained by surprise from Captain Maitland and his officers, contributed to induce the emperor to decide on surrendering himself to the English." The captain was too honorable a man to think of practising any chicanery on the subject; but if the two *employés* overreached themselves, so much the better.

But events now thickened. On the 12th, the Paris journals arrived, announcing the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the establishment of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries! All was renewed confusion, consternation, and projects. On the next day Joseph Bonaparte came to the Isle of Aix, to propose the escape of his fallen brother in a merchant vessel from Bordeaux, for America, and remain in his place. This offer was generous, but it could scarcely be accepted by any human being, and it was refused. But delay was becoming

doubly hazardous. It was perfectly possible that the first measure of the new government would be an order for his seizure, and the next, for his execution. On that evening he decided to accept the offer of the *chasse-marées*, to go on board before morning, and trust to the young midshipmen and chance for his passage across the Atlantic.

We know no history more instructive than these "last days" of a fugitive emperor. That he might have escaped a week before, is certain, for the harbor was not then blockaded; that he might have made his way among the channels of that very difficult and obstructed coast, even after the blockade, is possible; that he might have found his way, by a hundred roads, out of France, or reached the remnant of his armies, is clear, for all his brothers escaped by land. But that he still hesitated—and alone hesitated; that this man—the most memorable for decision, famed for promptitude, for the discovery of the true point of danger, daring to the height of rashness, when daring was demanded—should have paused at the very instant when his fate seemed to be in his own hand, more resembles a preternatural loss of faculty than the course of nature. His whole conduct on the shore of France is to be equalled only by his conduct among the ashes of Moscow—it was infatuation.

Again the man of decision hesitated; and at four in the morning General Lallemand and Las Cases were sent on board the Bellerophon under the pretext of waiting for the admiral's answer, but in reality to ascertain whether the captain would express *officially* any pledge or opinion relative to Napoleon's favorable reception in England; which Las Cases had conceived him to express in his conversation with his officers, and of which this M. Las Cases was supposed not to have understood a syllable.

Captain Maitland's answer was distinct and simple. It was, "that he had yet received no information, but hourly expected it; that he was authorized to receive Napoleon on board, and convey him to England, where, according to his own opinion, he would receive all the attention and respect to which he could lay any claim." But, to prevent all presumptions on the subject, adding—"I am anxious that it should be well understood, that I am expressing only my personal opinion on this subject, and have in no respect spoken in the name of the government, having received no instructions from either the admiralty or the admiral."

It is almost painful to contemplate these scenes. What agonies must have passed through the heart of such a man, so humbled! What inevitable contrasts of the throne with the dungeon! What sense of shame in the humiliation which thus placed him at the disposal of his own few followers! What sleepless anxiety in those midnight consultations, in those exposures to public shame, in this sense of utter ruin, in this terrible despair! If some great painter shall hereafter rise to vindicate the pencil by showing its power of delineating the deepest passions of our nature, or some still greater poet shall come to revive the day of Shakspeare, and exhibit the tortures of a greater Macbeth, fallen from the highest elevation of human things into a depth of self-reproach and self-abasement to which all the powers of human language might be pale—what a subject for them were here!

The theatrical habits of the French are singu-

larly unfortunate for a nation which assumes to take an influential rank in the world. They deprive them of that capacity for coping with real things which is essential to all substantial greatness. With them the business of the world must be all melodrama, and the most common-place, or the most serious actions of life, must be connected with scene-shifting, trap-doors, and the mimic thunders of the stage. Napoleon was now in a condition the most deeply calculated to force these stern realities of life on the mind. Yet even with him all was to be dramatic; he was to throw himself on the clemency of his conqueror, like one of the heroes of Corneille. England was to stand in admiration of his magnanimous devotedness. The sovereign was to receive him with astonishment and open arms, and, after an embrace of royal enthusiasm, he was to be placed in secure splendor, cheered by the acclamations of a people hastening to do him homage. In this false and high-colored view of things, he wrote the famous and absurd note, in which he pronounced himself another Themistocles, come to sit by the hearth of the British people. A manlier, because a more rational view of things, would have told him that a war, expressly begun with a determination to overthrow his dynasty, could not be suffered to conclude by giving him the power of again disturbing the world—that his utter faithlessness prohibited the possibility of relying on his pledges—the security of the Bourbon throne absolutely demanded his being finally disabled from disturbing its authority—England owed it to her allies to prevent a repetition of the numberless calamities which his reign had inflicted upon Europe, and owed it to herself to prevent all necessity for the havoc of a new Waterloo.

The national passion for a *coup de théâtre* rendered all this knowledge of no avail, and he flung himself at the feet of the prince regent, with the flattering phraseology of claiming protection "from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies."

The step was now taken. On the 15th of July, at daybreak, he left the Isle of Aix, and entered one of the boats which was to convey him on board the *Bellerophon*. He had still a parting pang to undergo. As he looked round the shore, a white flag was flying on all the ships and batteries. All the rest of this curious narrative has been already given to the world. We have no desire to repeat the details.

Count Montholon, in his fondness for excitement, here states that a privy council was held on the question, whether the terms of the congress of Vienna prevented England from giving up Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., adding, that "the despatches of the Duke of Wellington urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations." This we utterly disbelieve; and, if we required additional reasons for our disbelief, it would be in the count's telling us that the energetic opposition of the Duke of Sussex alone prevented the delivery of the prisoner—there not being perhaps any prince, or any individual of England, less likely to have weight in the councils of the existing government.

Without presuming to trace the steps of Providence, it is natural and not unwise to follow them in those leading transactions which give a character to their times, or which complete events decisive of the fates of eminent men or nations. One of the most characteristic and abhorred acts of the

entire life of the French Emperor, was his imprisonment of the English who were travelling in his country at the commencement of his reign. The act was the most treacherous within human record—it was perfidy on the largest scale. Europe had been often scandalized by breaches of political faith, but the agents and the sufferers were sovereigns and nations. But in this instance the blow fell upon individuals with the most sudden treachery, the most causeless tyranny, and the most sweeping ruin. Twelve thousand individuals, travelling under the protection of the imperial laws, wholly incapable of being regarded by those laws as prisoners, and relying on the good faith of the government, were seized as felons, put under duress, separated from their families in England, suddenly deprived of their means of existence, stopt in the progress of their professions, plundered of their property, and kept under the most vigilant surveillance for eleven years.

The retribution now fell, and that retribution exactly in the form of the crime by which it was drawn down. We give a few extracts of the document by which Napoleon protested against his detention, as a most complete, though unconscious indictment against his own act eleven years before.

Protest at sea, on board the *Bellerophon*, August, 1815—"In the face of God and man, I solemnly protest against the injury which has been committed upon me, by the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of *my person and liberty*.

"I came freely on board the *Bellerophon*, and *am not a prisoner*—I am the *guest of England*.

"I presented myself in good faith, and came to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I set my foot on board the *Bellerophon*, I felt myself on the soil of the British people. If the orders issued by the government to receive myself and my suite were merely intended as a snare, then they have *forfeited their bond*. If such an act were really done, it would be in vain for England in future to speak of her faith, her laws, and her liberty.

"She pretended to offer *the hand of hospitality* to an enemy, and when he had trusted to her *fidelity*, she immolated him."

If the *détenus* at Verdun, and scattered through the various fortresses of France, had drawn up a petition against the desperate act which had consigned them to captivity, they might have anticipated the language with which Napoleon went to the dungeon, that was never to send him back again amongst mankind.

There was but one preliminary to his departure now to take place. It was the execution of an order from the government to examine the baggage in the strictest manner, and to require the surrender of all money or jewels of value in the possession of Napoleon and his suite. Necessary as this act was, for the prevention of bribery, and attempts to escape from St. Helena, not for any undue seizure of private property, for a most ample allowance was already appointed by the government for the expenses of the prisoner, this duty seems to have been most imperfectly performed. As the count tells us, "the grand-marshal, gave up 4000 Napoleons, as constituting the Emperor's chest. We kept secret about 400,000 francs in gold—from three to four hundred thousand francs in valuables and diamonds, and letters of credit for more than four million of francs." Whether this immense sum was overlooked by the extraordinary

negligence of those whose duty it was to fulfil the orders of government, or whether their search was baffled, the narrative does not disclose. But there can be no question that the suite were bound to deliver up all that they possessed: and that there can be as little question that with such sums of money at his disposal, Napoleon's subsequent complaints of poverty were ridiculous, and that the subsequent sale of his plate to supply his table was merely for the purpose of exciting a clamor, and was charlatanish and contemptible.

We pass rapidly over the details of the voyage. Napoleon spent a considerable part of his time on the quarter-deck, took opportunities of conversing affably with the officers, and even with the crew. On one occasion, after some conversation with the master, he invited him to dine at the admiral's table. The master declined the invitation, as a sin against naval etiquette. "Oh! in that case," said Napoleon, "you must come and dine in my own cabin." The admiral, however, had the good sense to tell Napoleon, that any one invited by him to the honor of sitting at his table, was, by that circumstance alone, placed above all rule of etiquette, and that the master should be welcome to dinner next day. This conduct, of course, made him very popular on board; but the chief interest of these important volumes is in the conversations which he held from time to time with the officers, and especially in the long details of his military and imperial career, which he dictated at St. Helena, and which make the true novelty and value of the work. In one of those conversations which he had with them, he referred emphatically to his own efforts to make France a great naval power. "Unfortunately," said he, "I found nobody who understood me. During the expedition to Egypt, I cast my eyes on Decrès. I reckoned on him for understanding and executing my projects in regard to the navy. I was mistaken; his passion was to form a police, and to find out, by means of the smugglers, every web which your ministers, or the intriguers of Hartwell, were weaving against me. He had no enlarged ideas; always the spirit of locality and insignificant detail—paralyzing my views." He then proceeded to state the hopeless condition of the French navy when he assumed the throne. The navy of Louis XVI. was no longer in existence; the Republic possessed but four ships of the line; the taking of Toulon, the battle of the river Jenes in 1793—of Rochefort in 1794, and finally, the battle of Aboukir, had given the death-blow to the navy. "Well, notwithstanding the disaster of Trafalgar, which I owe entirely to the disobedience of Admiral Villeneuve, I left to France one hundred ships of the line, and 80,000 sailors and marines, and all this in a reign of ten years." The truth is, that the attempt to make the French navy was one of the preeminent blunders of Napoleon. France is naturally a great military power, but her people are not maritime. England is not naturally a great military power, but her people are maritime. France has an immense land frontier which can be defended only by a land force. England has no land frontier at all. The sea is her only frontier, and it, of course, can be defended only by a fleet. A fleet is not a necessary of existence to France. A fleet is a necessary of existence to England. It is therefore self-evident that France only wastes her power in dividing it between her fleet and her army; and may be a great power, without having a ship; while England is compelled

led to concentrate her strength upon her fleet, and without her fleet must be undone. Thus the law of existence, which is equivalent to a law of nature, gives the naval superiority to England. There are symptoms in France, at the present day, of falling into Napoleon's blunder, and of imagining the possibility of her becoming the naval rival of England. That she may build ships is perfectly possible, and that she may crowd them with a naval conscription is equally possible. But the first collision will show her the utter folly of contending with her partial strength against the power on which England rests her defence—a struggle between a species of volunteer and adventurous aggression, and the stern and desperate defence in which the safety of a nation is supremely involved.

On crossing the Line, the triumph of Neptune was celebrated in the usual grotesque style. The Deity of the Sea requested permission to make acquaintance with Napoleon, who received him graciously, and presented him with five hundred Napoleons for himself and the crew, upon which he was rewarded with three cheers, and "Long live the Emperor Napoleon!"

On the 16th of October, 1815, the Northumberland cast anchor in the roads at St. Helena. The count remarks that the 17th, the day on which he disembarked, reminded him of a disastrous day. It was the anniversary of the last day of the battle of Leipsig. If distance from all the habitable parts of the globe were to be the merits of Napoleon's prison, nothing could have been more appropriate than the island of St. Helena. It was two thousand leagues from Europe, twelve hundred leagues from the Cape, and nine hundred from any continent. A volcanic rock in the centre of the ocean.

In the month of April, the frigate Phaeton anchored in the roads, having the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, with his family, on board. Sir Hudson is now where neither praise nor blame can reach him, but the choice was unfortunate in the very point for which probably he had been chosen;—he had been colonel of the Corsican regiment in our service, had served much in the Mediterranean, and had already been (as far as we remember) the object of Napoleon's bitterness in some of his Italian manifestoes. There can be no doubt that the mildest of governors would have been no favorite with the prisoner of Longwood. But in the present instance Napoleon's blood boiled at the idea of being placed under the jurisdiction of the colonel of the Corsican rangers; and he, accordingly, took every opportunity of exhibiting his indignation—a sort of feeling which, in a foreigner, and especially one of southern blood, always amounts to fury.

We pass over a multitude of minor circumstances, though all characteristic, and all invaluable to the historian of the next century; but which would retard the more interesting conversations of the extraordinary captive. On the communication of the convention signed at Paris in August, 1815, declaring him the prisoner of the four allied powers, and the announcement of the commissioners under whose charge he was to be placed, Napoleon burst out into a passionate remonstrance, which, however, he addressed only to the people around him. On those occasions he always adopted that abrupt and decisive style which in a Frenchman passes for oracular.

"The expenses of my captivity will certainly

exceed ten millions of francs a year. It has not been the will of fate that my work should finish by effecting the social reorganization of Europe." He then ran into his old boasting of his probable triumph in his great collision with the British army. "At Waterloo I ought to have been victorious—the chances were a hundred to one in my favor; but Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blücher to escape from him; and finally, a heavy fall of rain had made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It was lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses and of the democracy."

Napoleon was always fluent on this subject; but the only true matter of surprise is, that so clever a personage should have talked such nonsense. In the first place, he must have known that Ney with his 40,000 men had been soundly beaten by about half that number, and was thus unable to move a step beyond Quatre-Bras. In the next, that Grouchy, instead of suffering the Prussians to escape him, was gallantly fought by their rear-guard, was unable to make any impression whatever on them, and if he had not made his escape in the night, would unquestionably have been crushed to pieces the next day: and thirdly, as to the English armies being saved by the rain, the Duke of Wellington fought the French from eleven in the forenoon till seven in the evening without being driven an inch from the ground. If the French could not beat him in eight hours, they could not beat him in as many days. It was not until seven in the evening that the Prussian guns were heard coming into the field. Even then they were a mile and a half from Wellington's position. The British then charged, swept the French before them, Napoleon himself running away amongst the foremost, leaving 40,000 of his troops on the field or in the hands of the enemy. It would have been much wiser to have said not a syllable upon the battle, or much manlier to have acknowledged that he was more thoroughly beaten than he had ever seen an army beaten before; and that with 72,000 French veterans in the field, he had been routed and ruined by 25,000 British, three fourths of whom had never fired a shot before in their lives.

We have from time to time some curious acknowledgments of the political treacheries which formed the actual system of Napoleon's government, whether consular or imperial. On dictating a note relative to St. Domingo to Count Montholon, he elucidated this policy in the most unequivocal manner. It will be remembered that, on the peace of Amiens, he had sent out a powerful fleet and an army of thirty thousand men to the West Indies. It will also be remembered, that in reply to the remonstrance of the British government, who naturally looked on so formidable an armament with considerable suspicion, the First Consul disclaimed in the most solemn manner all sinister views; pronounced, with every appearance of sincerity, that

his sole object was the subjection of a French island then in revolt, and when this object was effected his whole purpose would be accomplished. But in St. Helena, where candor cost nothing, he amply acknowledged the treachery. "I had two plans," said he, "for St. Domingo. The first was that of acknowledging the power of the blacks, making Toussaint L'Ouverture governor, and, in fact, making St. Domingo a West Indian viceroyalty. This plan was my favorite, and why? The French flag would acquire a great development of power in the American waters, and a variety of expeditions might have been undertaken against Jamaica and all the Antilles, and against South America, with an army of thirty thousand blacks trained and disciplined by French officers."

We are to remember that at this time he was at peace with both England and Spain, whose territories he was thus about to dismember; for we cannot believe that the affairs of St. Domingo were suffered greatly to occupy his mind. In the busy days from Marengo to the loss of Egypt, and the conclusion of peace, he had intended to have raised an universal negro insurrection in our islands. Upon the colors of his negro army he was to have inscribed "Brave blacks, remember that France alone recognizes your liberty"—which would have been, in fact, a manifesto, calling upon all the negroes of the West Indies to revolt without delay. But the negroes of St. Domingo, having formed plans of liberty for themselves, dispatched one of their colonels with a demand of independence. The chance, therefore, of invading Jamaica through their means was extinguished at once, and France was punished by the loss of her greatest colony forever.

In a conversation with Colonel Wilks, the ex-governor, on taking his leave, he told him that India had been constantly an object of his policy—that he had constantly assailed it by negotiations, and would have reached it by arms, had he been able to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia on the partition of Turkey. He then talked of his constant wish for peace—a declaration which the colonel probably received with a smile; and next disclosed a transaction, which, on any other authority, would have been incredible, but which amounted to perhaps the boldest and broadest piece of bribery ever attempted with a distinguished minister.

While the French army was still on the right bank of the Elbe, the offer of the Austrian mediation was brought by Prince Metternich, demanding, as a preliminary, the abandonment of the great German fortresses which still remained in French hands.

"I said to Metternich with indignation," are the words of this singular conference—"Is it my father-in-law who entertains such a project? Is it he who sends you to me? How much has England *given you*, to induce you to play this game against me? Have I not done enough for your fortune? It is of no consequence—be *frank*—what is it *you wish*? If *twenty millions* will not satisfy you, say *what you wish*?"

He adds, that on this scandalous offer of corruption, Metternich's sudden sullenness and total silence recalled him to a sense of what he had just expressed, and that thenceforth he had found this great minister wholly impracticable. Who can wonder that he did so, or that the offer was regarded as the deepest injury by a man of honor? But Napoleon's conception of the matter, to the

last was evidently not that he had committed an act of bribery, but that he had "mistaken his man." "It was," as Fouché observed, "worse than a crime, it was a blunder."

One of the absurdities of the crowd who collected anecdotes of Napoleon, was a perpetual affectation of surprise that he should not have terminated his imprisonment by his own hand. He was conscious of the imputation, and it seems to have formed the occasional subject of his thoughts. But his powerful understanding soon saw through the sophistry of that species of dramatic heroism, by which a man escapes "with a bare bodkin" all the duties and responsibilities of his being.

"I have always regarded it," said he, "as a maxim, that a man exhibits more real courage by supporting calamities and resisting misfortunes, than by putting an end to his life. Self-destruction is the act of a gambler who has lost all, or that of a ruined spendthrift, and proves nothing but a want of courage."

The attempts to prove that Napoleon wanted personal intrepidity were at all times childish. His whole career in his Italian campaigns was one of personal exposure, and from the period when he rose into civil eminence, he had other responsibilities than those of the mere general. His life was no longer his own; it was the keystone of the government. Whether as consul or as emperor, his fall would have brought down along with it the whole fabric on which the fate of so many others immediately depended. It is, however, certain, that his courage was not chivalric, that no gallant fit of glory ever tempted him beyond the necessary degree of peril, and that he calculated the gain and loss of personal enterprise with too nice a view as to the balance of honor and advantage. A man of higher mind—an emperor who had not forgot that he was a general, would never have deserted his perishing army in Poland; an emperor who had not forgot that he was a soldier, would never have sent his imperial guard, shouting, to massacre, and stayed himself behind. But to expect this devotion of courage is to expect a spirit which Napoleon never exhibited; and which is singular among the military exploits of the south. Napoleon might have commanded at Plataea, but he would never have died at Thermopylae.

In days like ours, which begin to familiarize men with the chances of political convulsion, it may be well worth while to listen to the conceptions of one who better knew the nature of the French Revolution than perhaps any among the great actors of the time. Napoleon was sitting by his fireside, in St. Helena, on the 3d of September:—

"To-day," said he, "is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the commune of Paris, a rival power of the legislature, which built its strength upon the *dregs of the passions of the people*. * * *

We must acknowledge, that there has been no political change without a fit of popular vengeance, as soon as, for any cause whatever, the mass of the people enter into action. * * * General rule:—No social revolution without terror! Every revolution is in principle a *revolt*, which time and success ennoble and render legal; but of which terror has been one of the inevitable phases. How, indeed, can we understand, that one could say to those who possess fortune and public situations, 'Be gone, and leave us your fortunes and your situa-

tions,' without first intimidating them, and rendering any defence impossible? The reign of terror began, in fact, on the night of the 4th of August, when privileges, nobility, tithes, the remains of the feudal system, and the fortunes of the clergy, were done away with, and all those remains of the old monarchy were thrown to the people. Then only did the people understand the Revolution, because they gained something and wished to keep it, even at the expense of blood."

This language is memorable. It ought to be a lesson to England. Napoleon here pronounces, that the great stimulant of political revolution is public robbery. Privileges may be the pretence, but the real object is plunder; and the progress of reason may be alleged as the instrument, but the true weapon is terror. In England, we are preparing the way for a total change. The groundwork of a revolution is laid from hour to hour; the aristocracy, the church, the landed proprietors, are made objects of popular libel, only preparatory to their being made objects of popular assault. The League has not yet taken upon it the office of the Commune of Paris, nor have the nobles, the clergy, and the bankers, been massacred in the prisons; but when once the popular passions are kindled by the hopes of national plunder, the revolution will have begun, and then farewell to the constitution. The habits of England, we willingly allow, are opposed to public cruelty; and in the worst excesses, the France of 1793 would probably leave us behind. But the principle in every nation is the same—the possessors of property will resist, the plunderers of property will fight; conflicting banners will be raised, and, after desperate struggles, the multitude will be the masters of the land.

There can be nothing more evident, than that some of the leaders in these new movements contemplate the overthrow of the monarchy. There may be mere dupes in their ranks, the spirit of money-making may be the temper of others; but there are darker minds among them which scarcely condescend to conceal their intentions. The presidentship of a British republic would be not without its charms for the demagogue; and the bloody revolution of 1641, might rapidly find its still more sanguinary counterpart in the revolution of the nineteenth century. We have the history in the annals of France, and the commentator is the "child and champion of Jacobinism"—Napoleon.

His impression that revolution always fixed its especial object in plunder, found another authority in one of the peculiar agents of public disturbance. "Barrère," said Napoleon, "affirmed, and truly, *Le peuple bat monnaie sur la place Louis XV.*" ("The people coin money in the square of Louis XV.")—alluding to the guillotine, which enriched the treasury by the death of the nobles, whose wealth became the property of the nation.

He proceeded, with equal decision and truth: "A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which the Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about; and for a long course of years, even a century, it is the misfortune of all, though it may be the advantage of individuals."

Napoleon spent the chief portion of his time in dictating the recollections of his government, and general defences of his conduct. Those dictations were sometimes written down by Montholon, and

sometimes by Las Cases. But in November, 1816, an order was issued for the arrest of Las Cases, and his dismissal from the island, in consequence of his attempting to send, without the knowledge of the governor, a letter to Prince Lucien, sowed up in the clothes of a mulatto. This arrest made a prodigious noise among the household of Napoleon, and was turned to good advantage in England, as an instance of the cruelty of his treatment. Yet it seems perfectly probable that the whole was a trick of the ex-emperor himself, and a mere contrivance for the purpose of sending to Europe Las Cases as an agent in his service.

The security of Napoleon's imprisonment was essential to the peace of Europe; and no precaution could be justly regarded as severe, which prevented an outbreak so hazardous to the quiet of the world. Among these precautions, was the strictest prohibition of carrying on any correspondence with Europe, except through the hands of the governor. The whole household were distinctly pledged to the observance of this order, and any infraction of it was to be punished by instant arrest and deportation from the island.

An order had been sent from England to reduce the number of the household by four domestics; and it seems not improbable that Napoleon's craft was suddenly awakened to the prospect of establishing a confidential intercourse with the faction whom he had left behind. But the four domestics were obviously inadequate to this object, and some person of higher condition was necessary. Las Cases some time before had attempted to send a letter to Europe by the mulatto. The fellow had been detected, and was threatened with a flogging if he repeated the experiment; yet it was to this same mulatto that Las Cases committed another letter, which the mulatto immediately carried to the governor, and Las Cases was arrested in consequence. Napoleon was instantly indignant, and vented his rage against the cruelty of the arrest, at the same time expressing his scorn at the clumsiness of Las Cases in delivering his letter to so awkward a messenger. But, whatever might be his pretended wonder at the want of dexterity in the count, it was exceeded by his indignation at the conduct of the governor. "Longwood," he writes in a long and formal protest against his detention, "is wrapped in a veil which he would fain make impenetrable, in order to hide criminal conduct. This peculiar care to conceal matters gives room to suspect the most odious intentions." This was obviously a hint that the governor's purpose was to put him secretly to death: a hint which neither Napoleon nor any other human being could have believed.

But in alluding to the arrest of the count, he touches closely on the acknowledgment of the intrigue.

"I looked through the window," he said, "and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour!" After this Italian extravaganza, he returns to his object. "Your services were necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. Nevertheless, I request you, and in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the continent. He cannot refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be great

consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries."

This letter was carried by Bertrand to the governor for Las Cases, and "the wished-for effect was produced on Sir Hudson Lowe, as soon as he saw the terms in which the emperor expressed his regret." We are fairly entitled to doubt the sincerity of the wish; for on Sir Hudson's offering to let Las Cases remain at Longwood, a new obstacle instantly arose—the count declared that "to remain was utterly impossible;" his honor was touched; he absolutely must go; or, as Count Montholon describes this happy punctilio—"Unfortunately Las Cases, influenced by extreme susceptibility of honor, thought himself bound to refuse the governor's offer. He felt himself too deeply outraged by the insult; he explained this to the grand-marshal, and we were obliged to renounce the hope of seeing him again." Then came the finale of this diplomatic farce. "It was in vain that the emperor sent Bertrand and Gourgaud to persuade him to renounce his determination; he was resolved to leave the island; and on the 29th of December, 1816, he quitted St. Helena."

We have but little doubt that the whole was a mystification. The gross folly of sending a secret dispatch by the same man of color who had been detected by the governor, and threatened with punishment for the attempt to convey a letter; the bustle made on the subject at Longwood; the refusal of Las Cases to comply with Napoleon's request to remain, which, if it had been sincere, would have been equivalent to a command; and the conduct of Las Cases immediately on his arrival in Europe, his publications and activity, amply show the object of his return. But a simple arrangement on the governor's part disconcerted the whole contrivance. Instead of transmitting Las Cases to Europe, Sir Hudson Lowe sent him to the Cape; where he was further detained, until permission was sent from England for his voyage to Europe. On his arrival Napoleon's days were already numbered, and all dexterity was in vain. We have adverted to this transaction chiefly for the credit which it reflects on the governor. It shows his vigilance to have been constantly necessary; it also shows him to have been willing to regard Napoleon's convenience when it was possible; and it further shows that he was not destitute of the sagacity which was so fully required in dealing with the *coterie* at Longwood.

Napoleon's habits of dictating his memoirs must have been formidable toil to his secretaries. He sometimes dictated for twelve or fourteen hours, with scarcely an intermission. He spoke rapidly, and it was necessary to follow him as rapidly as he spoke, and never to make him repeat the last word. His first dictation was a mere revival of his recollections, without any order. The copy of his first dictation served as notes to the second, and the copy of this second became the subject of his personal revision; but he, unfortunately for his transcribers, made his corrections almost always in pencil, as he thus avoided staining his fingers—no woman being more careful in preserving the delicacy of her hands.

Those dictations must be regarded as the studied defences of Napoleon against the heavy charges laid against his government.

We have now given a general glance at the career of the French emperor, as exhibited to us in these

Recollections. He strikingly showed, in all the details of his government, the characteristics of his own nature. Impetuous, daring, and contemptuous of the feelings of mankind, from the first hour of his public life, his government was, like himself, the model of fierceness, violence, and disregard of human laws. Whatever was to him an object of ambition, was instantly in his grasp; whatever he seized was made the instrument of a fresh seizure; and whatever he possessed he mastered in the fullest spirit of tyranny. He was to be supreme; the world was to be composed of his soldiery, his serfs, courtiers, and tools. The earth was to be only an incalculable population of French slaves. There was to be but one man free upon the globe, and that man Napoleon.

We find, in this romance of power, the romance of his education. It has been often said, that he was Oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of Orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent; no man was suffered to approach it but as soldier or slave; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power.

But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune, exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.

Still, he was an extraordinary being. No man of Europe has played so memorable a part on the great theatre of national events for the last thousand years. The French revolution had been the palpable work of Providence, for the punishment of a long career of kingly guilt, consummated by an unparalleled act of perfidy, the partition of Poland. The passions of men had been made the means of punishing the vices of government. When the cup was full, Napoleon was sent to force it upon the startled lips of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The three conspirators were crushed in bloody encounters—the capitals of the three were captured—the provinces of the three were plundered—and the military pride of the three was humiliated by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace.

But, when the destined work was done, the means were required no more. When the victims were broken on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the sight of man. The empire of France was extinguished by the same sovereign law which had permitted its existence. The man who had guided the empire in its track of devastation—the soul of all its strength, of its ambition, and its evil—was swept away. And as if for the final moral of human arrogance,

France was subjected to a deeper humiliation than had been known in the annals of national reverses since the fall of Rome; and the ruler of France was plunged into a depth of defeat, a bitterness of degradation, an irreparable ruin, of which the civilized world possesses no example. His army destroyed in Russia by the hand of Him who rules the storm—the last forces of his empire massacred in Belgium—his crown struck off by the British sword—his liberty fettered by British chains—the remnant of his years worn away in a British dungeon, and his whole dynasty flung along with him into the political tomb, were only the incidents of the great judicial process of our age. The world has been suffered to return to peace; while the sepulchre of this man of boundless but brief grandeur, has been suffered to stand in the midst of that nation which most requires the great lesson—that ambition always pays for its splendor by its calamities; that the strength of a nation is in the justice of its councils; and that he “who uses the sword shall perish by the sword!”

THE RAIL-ROAD TO VENICE.—Since the Fates have decreed that the modern improvement and convenience of a railroad is to introduce the sea-born goddess to all comers for the future, it is impossible that such a design could be more worthily carried out, or that anything more magnificent, surprising, or suitable to the city could have been projected than the fine range of arches which rise out of the blue waters, and span the sea for three miles in a straight line, throwing a chain of stone from one projection of land to the other. So splendid and so singular is the effect it produces, that it strikes me as appearing quite in character with the ancient reputation of Venice, when her wealth could compel the elements to obedience, and it is a comforting reflection that this beautiful aqueduct, for such it seems and indeed will answer the purpose of such, will perhaps restore the ruined commerce of the Queen of the Lagoon, and she may once more raise her diademed head amongst the cities, lofty and commanding as of yore. Probably by the time these reminiscences have passed through the press, this wondrous railroad will be completed, and Venice be made as easy of access as any other town of the north of Italy. A continuation is projected to Milan, and, if the consent of the King of Sardinia can be gained, Turin will be joined to that: how rapid then will be the route from Paris to Lyons, and from Turin to Venice. If human ingenuity could make the road across the eternal mountains of snow less perilous, Venice and Paris could shake hands in a day. I could not help looking on the stupendous bridge of three miles, which was so rapidly advancing towards completion, with admiration, from the covered boat in which we were seated, as it bounded over the waves: we were the sole passengers to Venice, except a French gentleman who appeared connected with the works, and who was merely going to the city for letters. He had, he informed us, never seen its wonders, as he only visited it on business, and should remain as short a time as possible there, as he considered it a “triste sejour!”—*Miss Costello's Italy.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE STEPSON.

FROM THE PAPERS OF G. G., SOMETIME SENIOR ASSESSOR OF THE PROVINCIAL COURT OF CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ZELL.

ABOUT half a mile from Zell, in a solitary house which is now uninhabited, lived, some twelve years ago, on his half-pay, and the interest of a reasonable amount of prize-money, a retired naval officer, named (or who shall here be named) Sturm-gang. He was an austere and rugged-tempered man, despotic, it was said, in his house as he had been on the deck of his ship, and therefore instinctively averse to coming into contact with general society. In fact, he visited nobody, and the only visits he was known to receive were those of the Pastor Walding, sub-rector of the high-school in Zell, the brother of his deceased second wife, and a man whose severe character and chilling manners were the perfect counterpart of his own. Captain Sturm-gang's domestic establishment consisted of two females—a youngish housekeeper and an oldish maid; in addition to whom his house possessed one other inmate, in the person of Christian Schein, the son of his second wife by a former marriage. The old officer had himself had no children by the mother of this young man; but his first wife had borne him a son, who, singular to tell, was now a shopkeeper in Zell, and supported himself, with his young wife and two children, in a struggling way, by the meagre profits of a retail business.

It was generally known that the two Sturm-gangs, the elder and the younger, lived on a footing of great mutual exasperation, and the ground of this was believed to be a lawsuit in which they had been engaged some years before, and in which the son had cast his father, with costs. Since that time, they had neither seen nor communicated with each other; more than one attempt, on the part of common friends, to bring about a reconciliation, had been repulsed by both parties with a degree of violence that seemed greatly disproportioned to the supposed cause of the quarrel; and the elder Sturm-gang had at length peremptorily forbid all mention of his son's name in his presence, which, of course, had precluded any further attempt of the kind.

Matters were in this state when an application was made, on the part of Captain Sturm-gang, to the provincial court, praying that a commission might be appointed, to visit him at his house of Dornfeld, to take cognizance of his testamentary dispositions, as his health did not permit him to come to Zell, for the purpose. This business was placed in my hands, and I went out to Dornfeld the following day, accompanied by a junior assessor and the clerk of the court.

I found the old man (he was in his sixty-eighth year) sitting in an arm-chair, his feet and legs enveloped in flannel wrappers, sick in body, yet not in a state to give immediate apprehensions for his life. His stepson and his brother-in-law were with him.

We proceeded at once to business: the preamble of the testament was drawn up in the usual form, and I called on Captain Sturm-gang to dictate his will.

"Well," said he, "write, in the first place, I disinherit my son, Ludwig Sturm-gang, merchant in Zell, for reasons which I need not mention: he knows them."

"It is my duty, Captain Sturm-gang," said I, "to make you acquainted with the law on this point. The father who disinherits his son, without grounds which the law recognizes as valid, is considered as of unsound mind, and his will, on application of the injured party, at once set aside. I am aware that you have had disagreements with your son, which unfortunately could not be settled without an appeal to a court of justice; but I must tell you that the law does not admit this as a sufficient ground for the proceeding you meditate."

"Humph! and what grounds *does* the law admit as sufficient for such a proceeding?"

"To enumerate them all would exhaust your patience, if not my own; but I will mention a few, and you will see how little likely is it that any among them should apply to the present case. For instance, then, when a son has accused his father of an offence against the state, has treated him in a way that compromises his—the father's—honor, has corporeally maltreated or assaulted him, has practised against his life, has—"

"Quite enough! I have legal grounds, and I disinherit him as I have said."

"But I must further inform you," proceeded I, "that the grounds of disinheritance must be expressly stated in the instrument, and must be sustainable by proof; otherwise the act is null and void."

"Does the law require that?"

"It does."

"In the devil's name, then, write—I disinherit my son Ludwig, because he has practised against my life."

I was mute for a moment with surprise and horror, and could only gaze blankly on the old man.

"And this accusation," said I at length, "is true?"

"That's my affair. Let Ludwig Sturm-gang contest the truth of it, if he has the courage. The proofs will not die with me."

"The proofs? Let me remind you, Captain Sturm-gang, that in a matter so improbable in itself proof should be of no common cogency."

"I have proof sufficient—proof conclusive—proof that would satisfy any jury in Europe."

"May I ask how long ago it is that your son committed this great crime?"

"Three years ago."

"I wish, Captain Sturm-gang, you would reconsider this matter. In the space of time you mention, what changes may have taken place in the character of your son. Will you not try what he is *now*, before you punish him for what he was *then*? Come, my dear sir, we have all of us need of forgiveness, and I do trust you will not carry your resentment against your son into another world."

"The learned assessor," interrupted the sub-rector in his grating voice, the driest that ever fell upon mortal ear, "seems inclined to dabble in *our* craft, and to preach instead of minding his protocols."

I looked at the man with astonishment. A sneer that I could not help thinking infernal, wreathed his thin lips, and his grey eyes looked hemlock at me from under their shaggy and overhanging brows. Behind him stood his nephew, with cheeks white as paper, and drops of sweat standing visibly on his forehead.

"Sir," said I, addressing the clergyman with

looks, I believe, expressive of all the indignation I felt, "I know, if you do not, what belongs to my office. I am ignorant neither of its rights nor of its duties; and, to make you acquainted with one of the former, of which you are, perhaps, not aware—let me inform you that I am empowered to direct the removal of persons who thrust themselves, uncalled, into the business I am engaged in. Should you think proper a second time to interrupt me, I shall exercise this right, and insist on your quitting the room. You will be good enough to bear that in mind."

The sub-rector replied to this threat only by a glance, which would have made a believer in the "evil eye" go home and take to his bed. The stepson could not control his agitation; he trembled from head to foot, and seemed to grow positively sick with terror. These two persons made a singularly unpleasant impression on me, and I only wished that the uncle had indulged in another effusion of bile, to give me an excuse for getting rid of him. The old captain fidgeted in his arm-chair; his brow portended storm; however, he put constraint on himself, and said coldly,

"I beg that what I have dictated to the clerk of the court may now be written. I disinherit my son, Ludwig Sturmgang, because of his having practised against my life."

"It is written," said I with equal coldness.

He proceeded—

"I appoint my stepson, Christian Schein, here present, my sole heir, and bequeath to him all the property, real and personal, which I shall die possessed of."

The uncle and nephew exchanged a rapid glance. The young man's eyes blazed with triumph, and the blood, which had forsaken his very lips, flowed in a full tide back to his cheek and brow.

The invalid proceeded—

"To my housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, I bequeath thirty *louis d'or*, and to my maid Margareta Reuter the bed on which I shall die, with all its appurtenances."

After some other unimportant dispositions, he said he had nothing more to add. The clerk jumped up to call for a light to seal the instrument, and opened the door hastily, when a loud scream was heard from the antechamber: the Demoiselle Froberg's ear had, it seems, been *rather* near the keyhole, and the door and her head had come into somewhat ungentle contact. The captain was furious at this discovery, and it required the intercessions of both his stepson and the sub-rector to withhold him from adding a postscript to his will, revoking the legacy bestowed on the fair inquisitive.

The testament was signed and sealed, the captain invited us to lunch, but we declined, and returned to Zell, in no cheerful mood. As for me, I could not get the events of the morning out of my head: I read stories by the dozen, in which one brother juggled the other out of his inheritance by diabolical machinations; I had seen plays, in which similar treason furnished the materials of the plot. Schiller's Franz Moor and this sneaking Christian Schein were blended by a curious association of ideas in my thoughts. Who knows, thought I, what devilry may be here at work? The reverend sub-rector seemed to me quite capable of playing the Mephistopheles of the drama, and the eves-dropping housekeeper—a comely person, though not in the first bloom of youth—might the part of one of his ministering fallen

angels. I determined to look farther into the matter.

My first step was to get information respecting the person and circumstances of Ludwig Sturmgang, and all that I heard told in his favor: he was known in the town for an upright, industrious and well-conducted man, but had, it seemed, inherited the fiery, impetuous temper of his father. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and was the father of two children—a boy of eighteen months and an infant in the cradle: his wife was described to me as a good and gentle creature, devoted to her husband and her little ones; his business was not flourishing; he was able to live by it, but in a very straitened way.

My next step was to go to him, to see what light he could or would afford me on the affair. I found him in his shop, and requested to be permitted to speak a few words with him in private. Telling his shop-boy to attend to the business, he led me into his sitting-parlor, which looked very orderly and neat. An open door gave me a momentary glimpse into the bed-room, where I discovered the young wife, her foot rocking the cradle, her fingers occupied in needle-work.

Sturmgang closed the door, and begged me to sit down.

"I don't know," said I, "whether I have to tell you who I am!"

"Oh! no, Mr. Assessor," cried he, "I know you very well. I have stood before now as a plaintiff at your green table."

"I will tell you, without preface, Mr. Sturmgang, what brings me here. I have got, without my seeking it, a peep into your family secrets."

"I know: you have been with my father about his will. Ay, ay, I have been expecting that; I was prepared for it, quite."

"You know the tenor of the will?"

"I can guess it."

"Mr. Sturmgang, I have a great desire to reconcile you with your father."

"That is impossible, Mr. Assessor; that is out of the question. After what has passed between us, I will never stretch out the hand of reconciliation, nor would he accept it if I did. When I say," added he, "I will never stretch out the hand, I mean unless—"

"Well: unless?"

"Unless he acknowledge the wrong he has done me, and ask my forgiveness."

"The father ask forgiveness of the son! And do you, then, feel yourself so free from all blame? Have you contributed nothing to the rise or the increase of this mutual hatred?"

"Who says I hate my father! God forbid I were so abandoned! But I don't love him: how could I, when he never loved me! And to humble myself before him, when I am the injured party! To own myself in the wrong, when I am not! And that for money! I would beg first—I would starve first."

"Well then, Mr. Sturmgang, do you not believe that your father would speak exactly as you do!—that he too would cry, 'What, humble myself where I have been injured—own myself wrong where I am right!' Where a quarrel is, my dear sir, there are two parties, and the cases are rare indeed in which the blame lies entirely on one side. But—suppose the present to be one of those rare cases—what does it come to? A father has offended his son; is it too much to ask the son to forgive his father?"

"I would forgive with all my heart, if—in fact,

let him take the first step, and there is no one readier for a reconciliation than I."

"If you and he were brothers, I should have no ground to urge you further, but you are the child, he the parent, and I must press it on you, my dear Sturmgang, I must indeed, to be yourself the first to make overtures of peace."

"Never! I have been too deeply offended, wounded, outraged, and without provocation—yes, I will say it—without provocation on my part. Sir, he has cursed me! Do you feel the weight of that word? I see you do. Love! reconciliation! peace!—what is the meaning of such phrases between people whom the bottomless gulf of—a curse—divides?"

The young man was silent for some moments, and then resumed with more composure—

"And you don't know my father, Mr. Assessor: he is a far more positive man than you suppose, and as violent as he is positive. Even if I could bring myself to make the first advance he would reject it, and the breach would only be widened—though wider it could hardly be."

"Well," said I, "suppose I make the attempt with him, as I have done with you, and he were to speak just as you have done—were to say, 'I will not take the first step, but I will not repulse my son if he takes it,' what would you do then?"

Sturmgang wavered—he seemed to struggle with himself; at last he said—

"I would take the step, if I had reason to believe it would not be taken in vain."

"You would go to your father?"

"I would."

"You would ask him to—forgive and forget?"

"Yes."

I shook him heartily by the hand, and declared my determination to make the attempt upon his father without delay.

The same day, in the afternoon, I went out to Dornfeld, praying on the way that I might find the old sailor alone, for I confess that I trembled at the thought that the stepson with his cattish sleekness, or the sub-rector, with his bearish roughness, might bar my access to him. Neither of these monsters, however, guarded the way, and the entrance to the enchanted castle lay free to my tread. I met nobody either in the court or the hall; the house door stood open and I was obliged to walk in unannounced.

Proceeding to the room in which I had found the captain on a former occasion, I knocked at the door, and was answered by a "come in," that made me jump. The old gentleman had certainly been dreaming of a sea-fight, and spoke as if he had had broad-sides to out-thunder. As I entered, he rose from his arm-chair, in which, no doubt, he had been enjoying an after-dinner nap, and asked in an angry growl, as he jerked off his night-cap, what I wanted, and why I had not sent up my name. Before I could reply, however, he had got better awake, recognized me, became more civil, and begged me to take a seat. Without ceremony I told him that, having been obliged to decline the lunch he had offered me a few days before, I was now come to drink a cup of coffee with him. He seemed pleased at this, went out of the room, and presently I heard an awful bellowing through the house, now in the hall, now in the garret, now in the cellar. After some time he came back in a sea passion, imprecat-

ing every mischance that can befall a ship on the housekeeper and on his stepson, neither of whom was to be found; the maid, he said, had got leave to go to church, and so he was not able to give me a cup of coffee.

I assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, and expressed my pleasure at finding his health so much improved. In fact, he had recruited completely, and walked up and down the room with a vigorous tread. This room was recognizable at the first glance for the retreat of a seaman. The walls were hung with maps and prints of naval engagements, and a rude drawing of a man-of-war occupied a conspicuous place, flanked on one side by a sickle-shaped dirk, and on the other by the triangular gold-laced hat, diminutive and formal, that had distinguished the service in his younger days.

I asked him if that, pointing to the drawing, was the ship he had commanded—a more politic opening of a conversation was never made. It brought him on his favorite theme, and he began to tell me, with visible pleasure, of the voyages he had made in that very corvette, "the Dolphin," finishing with a grumble at having seen men leap over his head, one after another—fellows he would not have trusted with the command of a jolly-boat; that was what had made him retire from the service, and live in that lubberly place on his half-pay. I now inquired after his family, listened patiently to his somewhat prolix accounts of what I knew before, and took the opportunity to tell him that his son Ludwig bore an excellent character in the town.

He was silent.

"I am the more astonished," continued I, "when I think of your having disinherited him. I will not conceal from you that I have conceived a lively interest both for you and for him, and, in short, that the motive of my present visit is to do you both a great service."

His face darkened, but he still continued silent, pacing up and down the room with a somewhat quickened step; at last he said—

"My son has been with you?"

"No," replied I, "I went to his house yesterday."

"Humph. What for?"

"For the same purpose for which I came to you to-day—to prepare him for a reconciliation."

"Oh ho! my good sir, we are not got quite so far yet. Allow me to say, once for all, that you will do me a pleasure by speaking no more on this subject."

"I hope to do you, not perhaps a pleasure, but, as I said before, a great service, Captain Sturmgang, by not complying with your wish."

He was going to interrupt me, but I spoke on without pausing.

"I am already half and half initiated into the secrets of your family, and I beg you to hear the dispassionate word of a dispassionate man—a man whose position renders him impartial. You are old, my dear sir, and you are alone; you have a son, and yet you are alone. Why should this be? Nay, hear me, I entreat you. Nature tolerates nothing unnatural, and what can be more unnatural than enmity between parent and child! Depend upon it, nature will revenge herself—is revenging herself upon you both for this outrage upon her. You are and will be, both sufferers, more deeply than you perhaps think. Let what

will have taken place, no offence of a child can be so monstrous as to justify the parent in perpetual resentment."

"It won't do, sir; it won't do. My son and I are done with each other. A child that attempts his father's life, sir, has no forgiveness to hope for."

"Not if he reform—if he repent?"

"I would not give much for a repentance that comes only when the attempt has failed, when the tables are turned, and the assassin finds himself at the mercy of his intended victim. If he repents—which is likely enough, it is not of having meant to kill me, but of having gone about it in such a lubberly way. He repents, sir, of having left it in my power to disinherit him."

"Fie, Captain Sturmgang! These are thoughts unworthy of a father. Your son is not to have your property—well, he submits to the loss. But is that a reason that he should have your curse? It is not what you withhold from him that he complains of, but what you bequeath him; and I tell you in the name of God and humanity that you *must* revoke your curse: that horrible word must not continue to the hour of death, to ring in the ear of your son."

"My curse! bequeath him my curse! What's all that? I know of no curse."

"Have not you cursed your son? He told me you had."

"Is that possible? Cursed him—I don't believe it. When I break out in a fury, no doubt I say here and there something I don't mean. No, no, I don't curse him—God forbid."

"You make me very happy, Captain Sturmgang. May I tell your son what you say?"

"No need, sir—no need. I send him no message; I want no communication with him, and I beg I may now hear no more of him."

"Very well. It is then your determination that he shall live and die in the belief that his father's curse lies upon him."

"The devil! No, it is n't. I told you I did n't curse him."

"You told me. Well, then, tell him so."

"Him! I tell him! My good sir, you forget that you talk to an old officer, who would rather blow himself and the enemy up together than strike his colors."

"Ay, but you are not blowing up yourself and your son together. You are blowing him up alone. You are wilfully leaving him under the false impression that he has your curse."

"Confound it! I can't bandy words with you. I am no match for a lawyer in talk. There! tell him, then, for aught I care; and now, no more about it or him, I beg of you."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir; but one moment more I must beg you to hear me patiently. You will not forgive your son his offence against you?"

"No."

"Never! Not even on your death-bed—not even on his?"

"Come, come, we are not on our death-beds, he or I, nor likely to be so soon, I hope."

"Did you think so a fortnight ago, when you were making your will? But I craved an answer to my question. Will you not forgive him even on your death-bed, or on his, should he be the first to die?"

"Humph! Well, perhaps I might—I think I

would. Yes, I will forgive him on my death-bed."

"Good. How long will you live?"

"How can I tell?"

"Not easily, I confess. Well, then, suppose you were to die next week—suppose you were to die to-morrow? Or, what security have you that a stroke of apoplexy may not end your life this day—this hour?"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Not at all. You are near your 'threescore-and-ten.' You are, perhaps, *very* near your death. Don't lose the precious moments. Do, to-day, what in a few days will no longer be in your power. Show mercy whilst you have time, lest you should find none when you need it."

"By —! I was not so hard pressed by the English frigate in the North Sea!"

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." I am sure, Captain Sturmgang, you make that petition every day."

He wavered visibly, grumbled something about having been all his life better at giving blow for blow than word for word, and then said aloud—

"Well, I'll talk about it with my brother-in-law."

At the name of Mephistopheles, a chill ran through all my veins.

"He will undo all my work," thought I; and the image of the smooth stepson, associating itself with his, reduced my hopes to a still lower ebb. I was opening my lips, however, for a last attempt, when the door opened, and the latter worthy made his appearance.

The old gentleman received him with a broadside of oaths, and asked where he had been so long. He answered, with great humility, that he had taken a little walk while his father enjoyed his usual afternoon's nap, not dreaming of his being exposed to intrusion. This he said with a side-glance at me.

"Where's Theresa?" demanded the captain, roughly. "Is she gone to walk, too?"

The young man, I thought, colored a little; and it was with some confusion that he replied, he had not seen the housekeeper since dinner.

"Look for her," said old Sturmgang, "and tell her to make coffee presently."

"Not for me, I hope," interrupted I, for I had lost all appetite for the stimulating beverage. "It is almost time I were on my way back to town. I must request you, sir," I added, addressing Schein, "not to give yourself the trouble."

He complied readily enough with my request, being, no doubt, glad of an excuse to stay in the room, and prevent the continuance of a *tête-à-tête* between me and his stepfather. I had now an opportunity of observing him with more leisure than at our first meeting. He was dressed in the antique style affected by our students, his hair divided in the middle, and flowing down in long locks on both sides, after the manner of the ancient Teutones, and wore a moustache and a little peaked beard. This affectation of the picturesque has always had the effect of disgusting me, and it strengthened the prejudice I had already conceived against Master Schein. The honeyed tone in which he spoke, his exaggerated attentions towards his stepfather, the insinuating smile that never disappeared from his lips, except when he shot a furtive and sinister glance towards me—all these added to the unfavorable impression he made on me, though

I strove to think I was doing him injustice. However, to continue in his neighborhood was really too much for my nerves, especially when he began to talk of filial duty, gratitude, and the pain it gave him to have even seemed for a moment to neglect his benefactor and second parent. I had, therefore, caught up my hat, and was on the point of taking leave, when Mephistopheles entered the room.

He looked at me with distended eyes, as if saying inwardly, "What in the devil's name brings you here?" A kind of inclination to defy him, which I could not resist, kept me from immediately fulfilling my intention of going; I did not like to seem driven away by him. With a brief greeting, he passed me by, went up to his brother-in-law, asked how he was, and began to talk of the weather, the roads, and some other equally interesting subjects, taking no further notice of me. I was angry, and the more so, that I felt that was what he wanted: to give him the completest triumph, I very wisely suffered his rudeness to make me rude—"Captain Sturmgang," said I, not, I fear, in the calmest tone, "I wish you a good evening;" and so I walked to the door without bestowing a look on either the sub-rector or his hopeful nephew. As I was leaving the room, the old gentleman, in a constrained manner, and, as it seemed to me, more for ceremony's sake than that he really desired it, begged I would shortly repeat my visit: hurriedly promising to do so, I withdrew.

Next day I went again to Ludwig Sturmgang's; for I was now resolved, were it but to spite Mephistopheles and his subordinate unclean spirit with the St. John's head, not to withdraw from the enterprise of reconciliation. The young man was glad to see me; he could not but guess that I had spoken with his father, and his looks expressed impatience to know the result. I began by informing him that he was not under his father's curse, and I never saw a man more thankful than he was, for the assurance. To prove his gratitude, he told me all his history, and the circumstances which had led to the state of things subsisting between himself and his father. At the age of four years he had lost his mother; a short interval had been followed by his father's second marriage, and that event, very speedily, by his stepmother's death. Captain Sturmgang had brought up his son, from the tenderest years, with the severity to which his opinions, no less than his natural temper, inclined him; and the boy had never known what it was to receive a caress from his father, never experienced an indulgence, never heard himself addressed but in the tones of harsh command, nor seen one encouraging smile relax the rigid earnestness of the features whose gloom overshadowed all his childhood. The fruit of this education was, that the young Ludwig, on his part, conceived little love for his father, and acquired a stubborn, headstrong, and daring character, cared neither for blows nor hard words, took his own way, and at an early age was come to regard no one's judgment, and consult no one's will but his own. Between his stepbrother and himself there had never been any harmony. Christian was a boy that never got into scrapes, Ludwig was never out of them; and Ludwig's scrapes were, conscientiously, and on principle, regularly reported by Christian to their father. The captain petted and praised his stepson, and held him up as a pattern to Ludwig, who showed his sense of the virtues proposed to him

for imitation, by drubbing the possessor of them soundly, whenever he could catch him in a suitable place for the operation, for which he was quite sure to be as soundly drubbed in his turn by papa.

In his sixteenth year Ludwig Sturmgang was placed by his father in a mercantile house, where, after the expiry of his apprenticeship, he continued some years in the capacity of foreman. During this period he formed an engagement with the daughter of his employer, and henceforth directed all his endeavors to the establishing himself as soon as possible in an independent business, that he might be in a position to marry. To this end he rode to Dornfeld, (he was at this time residing in a town about fifteen miles from Zell,) and requested his father to put him in possession of his mother's fortune, which by the marriage deed had been settled on her children. By the help of this sum he hoped to be able to furnish a shop in Zell. The captain, however, showed himself no ways inclined to further the views of his son, told him he should not have a penny of his inheritance till he knew how to make a better use of it, and upbraided him with great harshness for having entered into a matrimonial engagement at so early an age. The old spirit of defiance, which had long slept, now awoke in young Sturmgang, and bitter words passed between father and son. Ludwig would have left Dornfeld immediately, but he was obliged to defer his journey in consequence of a sickness of his horse. The approved remedy for this sickness was washing the part affected with a solution of arsenic in hot water, and Ludwig went to the apothecary in Zell, and procured a small portion of this poison, which he locked up in his desk. The next day Christian Schein had to drive to the town with corn, and on this account had his dinner an hour earlier than the rest of the family; scarcely five minutes after finishing his meal, he was taken ill, had repeated vomitings, complained of violent pains in the stomach, and cried out that he was poisoned. The whole house was alarmed; a carriage was immediately sent into Zell for the doctor, and in the mean time the food of which Christian Schein had partaken was examined. In the saucepan in which the soup had been made, and which was still on the fire, a white substance was found, which the old captain carefully took up, and put into a vessel. He cast looks of suspicion and rage upon his son, but spoke not a word on the subject with him. The doctor came, found Schein very much exhausted, but without further symptoms of illness; the hurtful matter seemed to have been brought away by the vomiting; the medical gentleman, therefore, merely ordered him some camomile tea, and drove back to Zell, accompanied by the captain, who after some hours returned.

The storm that now broke over Ludwig's head was terrific. Captain Sturmgang called his son a murderer, a parricide, a monster, who, in his accursed greed for money, had attempted to poison his father and his brother; nay, who had not scrupled to involve in the same destruction the lives of the innocent servants and laborers, who, as he must have known, would all have partaken of the deadly meal. "Serpent, devil, I renounce you!" shrieked the old man again and again, in accents which rage rendered almost inarticulate; and as his son stood astonished, bewildered, stupefied before him, not hearing, or not comprehending his furious commands to begone, and to leave

that house forever, he at length snatched up his pistols, and would certainly have committed an irreparable crime, had not the housekeeper and the maid thrown themselves screaming between the two, and forced the young man, confounded and incapable of resistance, out of the room. At length, out of his father's presence, he found words to ask, "What have I done?" But the only answer of the women was to entreat him to leave the house as speedily as possible. At the same time they hurried him to the stable, and Theresa, calling to an out-door servant to lead out the young master's horse without delay, hastened back to the captain, in order, as she said, to prevent him following his son, and murdering him in the yard.

Meanwhile, between Margareta and the out-door servant, the horse was got saddled, his master looking on passively, and as one stunned, till the maid, who cried bitterly all the time, with many prayers for his welfare, exhorted him to mount and begone. But he now suddenly recovered his recollection, and peremptorily declared that he would not go forth under such accusations as his father brought against him, that he would go back and know with what he was charged, and on what grounds. He would have done so, had not Christian Schein at this moment issued from the house, and, with terror in his looks, cried—

"Brother! Ludwig! for God's sake no delay! Your father has pronounced his malediction upon you, and is at this moment sending orders to the farm servants to drag you through the horse pond."

"Liar!" said Ludwig, "you shall not prevent me from going to my father."

"Believe him," cried the house-keeper, who followed the stepson out of the house; "he tells you the truth. Your father has given you his curse, and, if you stay a moment longer, you will experience ignominious treatment."

"I call everything sacred to witness," said Christian Schein, "that he was giving orders, when I left his presence, to have you dragged through the horsepond, and driven off the grounds with cart-whips."

"He was, indeed," said Theresa, wringing her hands. "Oh, for pity's sake—for your mother's sake—go at once."

Silently Ludwig Sturmgang mounted his horse, and left, without a farewell, a house endeared to him by no one recollection of happiness. From X. he wrote to his father, begging only to know what the crime was by which he had deserved a father's malediction, and such abominable outrage as had been threatened him, but the letter was returned unopened. Deeply hurt and embittered against his father, he now put the business of the inheritance into the hands of a lawyer. The law was clearly on his side, and he won his suit with costs. The little capital thus obtained enabled him to establish himself in business, and to marry. Since the circumstances above related, he had spoken neither with his father, the sub-rector, nor Christian Schein. All essays towards reconciliation had failed, and the persons just mentioned and himself had, when they casually met, met as strangers.

"What you have told me," said I, when Ludwig Sturmgang had finished his narration, "is a most curious and suspicious story, and, if some strange error be not at the bottom of the whole, it is clear that a great crime was contemplated by some

one. Appearances are certainly against you, and I wish you would answer me a few questions, which, I need not say, I do not put to you officially, but as a friend. Tell me sincerely, are you conscious of no negligence, of no thoughtlessness, of no fault in this matter?"

"Good God! Mr. Assessor, do you hold me capable of such?"

"Every one is capable of an oversight."

"In this matter, I am conscious of none."

"Do you believe that the substance in the saucepan was poison?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Did you carefully lock up the poison you had bought?"

"Carefully—and put the key in my pocket."

"Why did not you use the poison at once, for the purpose you got it for?"

"I did use about the half of it!"

"Ay! You did n't tell me that before. When did you use it—and how?"

"About nine o'clock the same day that the whole disturbance happened, I boiled the solution in the kitchen, and washed my horse with it immediately after."

"Did you leave the kitchen while it was on the fire?"

"Not a moment."

"Did Christian Schein know that you had bought the poison?"

"I have no doubt he did—the whole house knew it."

"Had he gone to the town that morning, or the day before?"

"Not to my knowledge. But I begin to see that you have conceived the same suspicion that I entertain myself."

"What is that?"

"That Schein himself put the poison into the soup."

"What! You suppose that he meant to poison you, and fell into his own snare? I confess that does not seem to me very likely."

"Nay, I do not look on him as capable of such a deed, though I will not deny that I think him a bad fellow: God knows."

"Christian Schein makes no favorable impression upon me, but to practise against the lives of his stepfather and stepbrother, and even of the servants, against whom he could have no cause of enmity—to contemplate such wholesale murder is a stretch of wickedness which I will not impute to him."

"Nor I, though all that is less than the crime my own father imputes to me."

"Then, supposing he *had* meditated this crime, how very improbable that he should have blundered so as to eat of the poisoned food himself. But I will see you again in a few days, and I hope we shall be able to get some light on the subject. Good bye."

I proceeded from Sturmgang's to the apothecary, and demanded a sight of his poison book. It appeared that, in the month of August, 18—, by virtue of a police certificate, two ounces of arsenic had been sold to Ludwig Sturmgang. Neither Captain Sturmgang, nor Schein, nor any one else in the house, had bought poison that year, nor the year before. After a few days, I went out to Dornfeld again, requested a private conversation with the captain, told him that his son had communicated to me all the circumstances of their disagreement, so far as they were known to him,

and begged him, if he thought me worthy of his confidence, to give me his version of the occurrences. He related them pretty nearly as Ludwig had done, and at the end asked me if I now found his conduct towards his son any way unnatural or inexplicable.

"But, my dear captain," said I, "are you then convinced beyond all doubt that the substance in the pot was arsenic?"

"I know it, sir," replied he; "for I drove into town, as I have told you, with the doctor, and had the stuff examined by the apothecary, who at once pronounced it arsenic."

"But how can you tell that your son, Ludwig, threw this poison intentionally into the pot?"

"I am certain of it. Not only the maid can testify that he was the whole morning prowling about the kitchen, but Theresa—my housekeeper—saw him, from her storeroom, go to the fire and put something into the pot."

"No doubt, into the pot in which he was making the wash for his horse."

"Not at all! he was done with that by nine o'clock, and went into the stable, as he pretended, to wash his horse. It was half past ten when the housekeeper saw him at her pot."

"If that be true, I cannot deny that there are good grounds for your suspicion—at the same time suspicion is not proof."

"Not proof! By —, sir, you are proof against proof, I think! Look here! My son and I quarrel—a son, mark you, that never loved me; I don't say whose fault that is—mine, perhaps—but such is the fact; there never was love between us. Well, we quarrel, he wants his money, he can't marry without it; I refuse to give it him. The easiest way for him to get this money, and the rest of my property into the bargain, is, to put me out of the way. He was, from childhood up, quick in his determinations: he buys arsenic, for his horse he says, but my stepson is near being poisoned next day with his dinner; arsenic is found in the soup-kettle; the housekeeper has seen my son at that very soup-kettle. By —, sir, I say there's proof there to hang a man: I have knotted a man to the yard-arm myself on less proof: an English jury would send a man to the gallows on a quarter as much."

"I will not say that appearances are in your son's favor, and yet I cannot resist the conviction I have of his innocence. I acknowledge that he would have a bad chance with a jury, even out of England: still his frank, honest face, I think, could not but have its effect even in that suspicious nation, where, in direct contradiction to what they boast of the spirit of their law, every man is held guilty till he can prove himself innocent. To my mind, Captain Sturmgang, there is that in your son's countenance and manner which totally forbids the belief of his being capable of the crime you attribute to him. And then the unblemished life he has now, for several years, led in our town—that will weigh in his favor with all reflecting men. Believe me, there is some sad mistake at the bottom of all this business—perhaps something worse."

"Aye, truly, is there something worse, and no persuasion will make me think otherwise."

"Well, suppose your suspicions just, your son has suffered for his crime—has proved himself a reformed man by his conduct ever since. Do not be implacable: if he had not sinned you would have nothing to forgive; if he has, forgive him."

"My good sir, I have thought upon that point, and made up my mind. I forgive him what he has done, but I do not and cannot forget it. You may tell him that; I forgive him, but I will not have him come into my sight. As for my fortune, a stiver of it he shall never touch, if he were to go to law with me ten times over."

"Have you spoken with the sub-rector on the subject?"

"I have; he is just such another sentimental blockhead as—I was near saying something uncivil—and would have persuaded me to a complete reconciliation."

"The sub-rector?"—cried I, in astonishment.

"Aye, aye, the sub-rector—what do you see so wonderful in that? That's just like him. But I have told him roundly that that's out of the question; to be friendly to my son is not in my power; I can't answer for myself, but I might say something disagreeable to him—it is better we keep separate, give one another as wide a berth as possible. And now, my good sir, if you do not want to make me angry, talk to me no more on this subject."

My mouth was closed by the last words. However, I had got a step further, and, although I took good care not to quit the ground I had gained, I was far from intending to stop there. I now did my best to put the old sailor in a good humor with himself and me, led the conversation to his voyages, got him into a discussion about the comparative merits of carronades and cannons, in which—Heaven forgive me! I took up (knowing nothing of the matter) the side I saw he was opposed to, merely for the purpose of letting him beat me, which I must say he did in a very effectual manner. This gave him great pleasure, and when I was going away he begged me, with real heartiness, often to come and see him, squeezed my hand, and declared that he considered me an honest man. I asked him to come see me, and said my wife would be much gratified to make his acquaintance; to which he replied that he did not like going out of his own four walls, but would call me a real good fellow if I would bring my wife with me the next time I came, though, he added, it was scarcely a place for a lady, and she would find little to repay her for the trouble of the visit.

This was exactly what I wanted: for my plan was to make an attack upon him with the help of his daughter-in-law, an unassuming and amiable young creature, whom, I thought, it was impossible he should hate, although she had been the immediate unhappy cause of the family dissension. Should he conceive a liking for her—or should she inspire him with ever so slight an interest, it might be hoped that he would at least not suffer her and her children to want, and would perhaps even find an excuse for his son, in the matter of the unfortunate law-suit, in the eagerness of the latter to possess himself of such a treasure as this lovely young woman.

I communicated this plan to my wife, and got her to go to Madam Sturmgang for the purpose of inducing the latter to come into it. It was not without hesitation and fear that Madam Sturmgang consented to the project; she had heard too much of the blunt manners, stern temper, and rooted prejudices of her father-in-law, not to tremble at the thought of presenting herself to him; the uncertainty of the result, and the dread of being rudely and savagely treated by the old merman, balanced the hope of rendering her husband a ser-

vice beyond price. The sense of duty, however, triumphed over that of fear, and a day was fixed for our visit to the old gentleman.

Accordingly, it might be three weeks after my last interview with Captain Sturmang, my wife and I, with Madam Sturmang and her eldest boy, took our places in a carriage, and drove out to Dornfeld. The young wife was to be presented to our host as a friend of my wife's, and the rest was to be left to the chapter of accidents. I believe there was not one of us whose heart did not palpitate as the carriage drove up to the door: even the little boy had an agitated look, caught perhaps from the reflection of his mamma's. The captain, who had had notice of our visit, was on the steps to receive us. All right, but—O mercy! there stood our evil genius, the sub-rector, behind him! "I wish you were where the pepper grows," thought I, "or in a hotter place." I had reason for the wish: in the moment that we halted, received and returned the captain's greetings, and were preparing to get out of the carriage, the harsh voice of Mephistopheles cried—

"Eh! what's all this? You here, Madam Sturmang!"

The captain started back, as if he had seen a Gorgon:—

"Where is Madam Sturmang?" cried he.

Without speaking, the sub-rector lifted his arm, pointed with his fore-finger at the unhappy and trembling young wife, now half-choked with her tears, and stood in this position so long that he gave one the impression of a hand-post, only that he pointed the way old Sturmang's compassion and kind feelings were *not* to go.

My wife and I, who had already stood up from our places, sank back into them with fright; this saved us a trouble, for the captain, whose astonishment had given place to indignation, called out to me with the iciest politeness—

"Mr. Assessor, you have mistaken the house. This is not the inn; you will find it about half a mile further on, in the village."

"One word, captain."

He turned on his heel, went into the house, and shut the door behind him; the ill-omened hand-post was no longer in view—it had done its work. "Home," said I to the coachman.

"*Oleum et operam perdidit*," muttered I to myself, and did all in my power to tranquillize the young wife, who was near fainting, and could relieve herself only by tears. When we stopped at young Sturmang's, I had no need to tell him how my attempt had sped; the short time we had been away, and the disconsolate air of his wife, gave him but too sure evidence of its unhappy issue. The pain his features expressed, showed that he had sincerely wished and hoped for peace with his father, and it was most reluctantly that I was compelled to add to his grief, by declaring that I could interfere no further in the matter. Half a year passed after this, without my seeing either the young merchant or old Ironskull again.

The president of the provincial court had obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting the baths of P—, and the direction of affairs devolved upon me; this confined me almost the whole day to my office, which was contiguous to the sitting-room of my wife. One day the bell rang, my wife went out to see who was there, I heard eager talking in the hall, and presently after the cry of an infant in the next room. What the deuce,

thought I, does she bring such an animal here for? To my no small alarm the music came nearer, and by-and-bye my wife entered the office, with a carefully wrapped-up baby in her arms!

"Look, love!" said she, "what a darling little cherub!"

"O Lord!" cried I, "no nearer, there's a good soul! Take the darling little cherub away!"

"Yes, but I have to tell you something first," rejoined my wife; "the poor little dear has just been found in the fields."

"In the fields! Aye, aye! Who found it?"

"The people are there in the hall."

"Capital! I had too little business on my hands as it was. Well, call them in—call them in."

Four countrywomen and three children were now ushered in, and I glanced involuntarily at the three chairs which the office contained.

"If the whole village these good women belong to is coming," said I to my wife, "I must beg you to get the drawing-room in readiness, and to put all the chairs in the house into it, for we must have places for Assessor R—and the clerk of the court, whom I will thank you to send for immediately."

The examination was begun, and the story told by young and old was this. The three children had gone into the fields to glean, heard a faint cry, and found on a crossway, near a farm house, the child lying. They ran into the house, into the village, spread the news, the four women came about the same time to the spot where the deserted creature lay, and forthwith commenced a procession to town, and to my office. I asked if any of them had given the child drink. Not one—the compassionate souls had been afraid, one and all, to take it into their houses, lest they should have to keep it. They were all agreed that no girl out of their village could be the mother of the child, as there were not the slightest grounds for supposing that a secret *accouchement* had taken place there. As soon as I had dismissed them, I called in my wife, whom I asked if she had any baby-linen by her. She blushed to the eyes at this question in the presence of the assessor and the clerk, for it was visible enough that she would very soon want baby-linen herself; however, this was quite *à propos*, and I said—

"There's no help for it; you must act as child's maid; strip the little thing to the last thread, and dress it in whatever you have got, for we must take the clothes it has on *ad acta*—but for Heaven's sake, get it something first to stop its roaring."

The little one's clothes were of rather finer materials than ordinary; but there was no mark to be discovered, which might serve as a clue to the mother. The child was given to a woman to take care of, and the tip-staff was sent the same evening to all the shopkeepers in the town, to show them its little coat, and to ask them if they remembered having sold any of that description of calico, and to whom: two shopkeepers had had this calico, and named different maid-servants in Zell who had bought some of it; but the inquiries set on foot gave no grounds of suspicion against any of these. The next day the tipstaff was sent with the cloth to the neighboring villages, to show it to as many women as possible, in the hope of obtaining in this way a clue to the delinquent. This measure succeeded: before midday he came back with intelligence that several women of a village

near Dornfeld declared they had seen Captain Sturmgang's housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, wear a gown of this stuff three years before, which they remembered by this token, that they had censured her at the time among themselves, for wearing garments above her degree, and prophesied there would no good come of it. The tipstaff, before returning to X., had asked an outdoor servant of Captain Sturmgang's how were all at Dornfeld, and received for answer that all there were well, except Madame Theresa, who was ill in bed.

My next step was to send the district physician to visit this woman, and from his report I learned that she had been delivered of a child within a few days, but was now in a state which admitted of her being judicially interrogated. I repaired accordingly to Dornfeld without delay, and had no difficulty in obtaining from her, in her first alarm, the confession that she had, three days before, given birth to a child, the father of which was Christian Schein, her master's stepson; that she had concealed her condition, had delivered herself in secret, and, according to previous concert, given the babe to Schein, who left it in the neighborhood of human habitations, that it might be the sooner found, and not perish. She acknowledged that this was the second child she had borne to Christian Schein, but the former was still-born, and had been buried by its father in the garden.

To arrest Schein was now the most pressing concern, but, on taking steps for that purpose, we discovered that that bird was flown, having first broken open the captain's desk, and taken out of the same three hundred dollars in gold. The housekeeper, however, I had removed to Zell, (on the doctor's certifying that this might be done without danger,) and placed in the prison infirmary, under the charge of a careful nurse.

The next morning the sub-rector entered my office, with a face rigid as that of the statue in Don Juan.

"Mr. Assessor," said he, in a hollow voice, "I come to you on a distressing occasion."

I requested—in no very sympathizing manner, I am afraid—to know how I could serve him.

"You are conducting the investigation of this affair of my brother's housekeeper!"

I bowed.

"And my nephew is implicated?"

"Sir," answered I, "you should be aware that a magistrate engaged in a criminal investigation does not take every casual inquirer into his confidence."

"As you please: I know, however, that he is implicated."

"Then, sir, as a magistrate, I must ask you how you know it?"

"From common report, and from my brother-in-law."

"Humph!"

"I come to make a request of you. My unfortunate nephew has absconded, and the tribunal will of course do its utmost to trace and arrest him. But it would be a bitter disgrace for me to see the name of my sister, of my nephew, in the hue and cry. Can you, and will you, not do something to prevent this scandal?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sub-rector, if I say that I have no very urgent motive to interfere with the cause of justice, for the sake of sparing you a mortification."

"I see you are prejudiced against me—misunderstandings!"

"Ah!—misunderstandings."

"I am convinced, Mr. Assessor, that you are judging me unjustly. It is true that I have suffered myself to be imposed on by that unhappy young man—that I have had a better opinion of him than he deserved. He has deceived me, brought shame and grief upon his family, made our honest name a town-talk. I confess I expected, for all this, rather compassion than insult from you."

"Mr. Sub-rector; I should be sorry to insult misfortune; but I will acknowledge that I do not feel very strongly moved to compassion for you, because I have seen how little you showed for that poor young fellow, Ludwig Sturmgang, who nevertheless had nearer claims on you than you have on me."

"Did he deserve compassion! God pity my poor brother-in-law, betrayed by those who are nearest to him! The hand of a stranger will close his eyes, for one son after another shows himself unworthy to do it!"

"That is not so certain. I believe young Sturmgang fully worthy to perform that pious office, and should be sorry, Mr. Sub-rector, to be the wall of partition that separates father and son."

"There is no one but my brother-in-law himself that can remove the wall of partition, as you call it. I have often enough tried to bring them together, to move my brother-in-law to forgiveness. But Ludwig is to the full as impracticable as his father, and after he had so contumaciously rejected my mediation, I don't see how I should have gone on pressing it on him. No, I look on that young man as doubly unworthy, without sense of filial love or of common gratitude."

"And have you, Mr. Sub-rector—have you endeavored to mediate in this unhappy quarrel?"

"To be sure I have: who should, if I did not?"

"Who, indeed! And may I entreat you to tell me in what manner the young man, as you have expressed it, contumaciously rejected your mediation!"

"My nephew Christian, who wished as much as I do to see the good understanding between his father and his brother restored, went several times to Ludwig, to induce him, if possible, to abandon the law suit. On these occasions, Ludwig expressed himself, regarding me, in a way that made me highly indignant—asserted that I belied him with his father with a view to get a share in his inheritance myself. Such aspersions, I confess, had the effect of greatly embittering my feeling towards him, and I felt in no way called upon to make him a personal visit—which otherwise I should have done. However, about two years ago, I had got my brother-in-law a good deal softened, sent my nephew to Ludwig, and bid him use the moment, as I was convinced that if he would now beg his father's pardon, a complete reconciliation would be brought about. How was my good will requited? Ludwig answered my nephew, 'Tell your uncle, he may tan the hides of his scholars as much as he pleases, but that I am a little too old to have the fifth commandment flogged into me.'"

"Your nephew brought you that message from Ludwig!"

"He did—and a still more impertinent message than that: 'And tell him, moreover,' added this graceless young man, 'that he may bless his stars that he has *not* me for a scholar, for I would get up a revolution in the school-room, and by'—I need not repeat his oaths—'we'd flog the flogger.'"

"Very disrespectful, indeed."

"That was not the worst. 'And as for my father,' he went on, 'you may tell him from me that the state showed its judgment in not promoting him, and that it was a fortunate day for the navy when he left it. And tell him he did well when he planted me behind a counter instead of taking me to sea, for by'—more oaths—I'd have had the crew in a mutiny in three days, and we'd have hung the old tiger at the yard arm.' I should like to know, Mr. Assessor, what you think of that?"

"And your nephew delivered that message to Captain Sturmang?"

"He did, with fear and trembling."

"Well, Mr. Sub-rector, I begin to think we have all of us fallen into some errors of judgment. But no more on the subject at present—leave the rest to me. I have now to attend the court, and must pray you to excuse me."

When a culprit has once made a confession of his main offence, it is generally not very difficult to bring him to acknowledge his minor ones. This reflection induced me to examine the housekeeper with respect to the poisoning affair. To my surprise and vexation she stuck to her old story, that she had, from the store-room, seen Ludwig Sturmang spill something out of a paper bag into the soup-kettle, and at every subsequent examination she repeated this without variation. I had the young man summoned, and asked him (though not on his oath, as it was possible that he might, in the course of the inquiry, have to appear before the tribunal as an accused person) when he had last spoken with Christian Schein. He answered, on the day he left his father's house. I admonished him that it was probable this question might be put to him on his oath within a few days. He replied that he could give no other answer to it than he had now done. In reply to further questions he distinctly denied that he had ever had a conversation with his stepbrother respecting the sub-rector or a reconciliation. I asked him (without mentioning the assertion of the housekeeper) had he gone at all to the soup-kettle on the day of the alleged attempt to poison. He answered most decidedly in the negative; there was nothing to take him to the soup-kettle on that or any other day. The whole business seemed to me a tangled yarn, and I dismissed Ludwig Sturmang without coming to any conclusion.

"After all," thought I, "he may be guilty, and that a jury would pronounce him so is almost certain. Theresa Froberg's intrigue with Schein, to be sure, throws suspicion on her testimony; and yet her persisting in it now, after the flight of her lover, and when she can have no conceivable interest in blackening young Sturmang, is, to say the least, very embarrassing. In my heart I'm convinced of his innocence—but, thank Heaven, I'm not on his jury."

An event occurred the next day which solved the riddle. A letter addressed to the housekeeper, and bearing the Bremen post-mark, was handed to the court; it was from her seducer, and ran thus:—

"DEAREST THERESA:

"Before I leave my country forever, I cannot resist the impulse which bids me send you a last—an eternal farewell. I am, you will be glad to hear, safely arrived in Bremen, and sail an hour hence for New Orleans. Ere you receive this, the shores of Europe will have disappeared from my view. We shall meet no more. Forget me, Theresa; but be assured that you will never be forgotten by

"Your sincerely broken-hearted

"CHRISTIAN SCHEIN."

On reading this letter, the unfortunate creature broke into bitter tears, and cursed the author of her misery. She now confessed that she had been the tool of this miscreant in her inculpation of Ludwig Sturmang. Schein had promised her marriage, but there were two hindrances to the fulfilment of the promise—the life of Captain Sturmang, and Ludwig's claims as his heir. The captain was old, and breaking down; they could reckon on his being soon out of the way, but the heir was a more serious obstacle. Schein, however, had long profited by the absence of the younger Sturmang, to ingratiate himself with the old man, and insure himself, at least, a legacy; nor had he neglected his many opportunities to blacken Ludwig in his father's eyes. Ludwig's betrothal, and the pecuniary disagreement between him and his father, enlivened the hopes of the abandoned pair to make their harvest at his expense, and the accidental circumstance that his horse fell sick at Dornfeld, and that he got arsenic to wash it, inspired them with the hellish plan, which was as hastily carried out, as it was conceived, of making the old man believe that his son intended to poison him. By the prospect of being now shortly able to marry, Schein induced the housekeeper to aid him in this work. She went in the evening into the town, and bought a sufficient quantity of tartar emetic; this she gave to Schein, who placed in her hands the arsenic, which he had got, by means of a false key, out of his brother's desk. Theresa put the poison into the soup, after she had served her lover with his own portion, and this, having mixed the emetic in it, he immediately took. It was not long down before he was seized with vomiting; he cried out that he was poisoned; the housekeeper pretended to recollect having seen the captain's son put something into the pot; it was examined, and the arsenic was found. This plan succeeded: the father and son were irreconcilably disunited; the latter hardly knowing why, for Theresa's testimony against him had never come to his ears, and he was not aware of his father's grounds either for believing that the matter found in the pot *was* arsenic, or for concluding that *he* had put it in.

To exasperate both parties the more against each other, and to render any danger of a reconciliation more unlikely, Christian Schein had fabricated the malediction and threat of ignominious treatment, which he announced to Ludwig on the part of his father, and had afterwards brought to the captain and the sub-rector accounts equally mendacious, of his having visited young Sturmang on errands of peace, and of the insulting messages, to both the old gentlemen, by which the rebellious son had met these overtures.

Theresa Froberg had been the faithful ally of Schein in all these measures; and, even when their intrigue came to light, and the seducer absconded, she continued to keep the secret of their

alliance, believing that Schein, once beyond the reach of pursuit, would not fail to provide her with the means of rejoining him, or would even, perhaps, return, when the scandal was blown over, and sit as fast as ever in his stepfather's favor; for she had not been informed of the act of the theft which had preceded his flight. Now, however, he had cast her off, and all motive for concealment of the truth was at an end. The two rogues had fallen out, and honest men, according to the proverb, came by their own.

No sooner had I received the above confession, than I despatched the tip-staff to summon the captain and the sub-rector to give evidence before the court. After asking them some questions about Christian Schein's amour with the housekeeper, I said to the captain—

"Sir, the tribunal has been compelled to intrude into your domestic secrets, because, as I need not tell you, it is instituted to the end of discovering and punishing criminals. It is known to you that arsenic was brought into your house for a certain alleged purpose, and was there used as the means of an intended crime."

"It is but too well known to me."

"You yourself have named your housekeeper to me as a witness; it has become necessary that you should hear her testimony before the court."

"Pray, spare me the humiliation of hearing the crime of my son deposed to before a public tribunal."

"I am sorry to say it cannot be."

I rang, and directed that Theresa Froberg should be brought in. She appeared pale and dejected. I bid her repeat her deposition of yesterday.

It was done. The two old men stood as if turned into stone, as the story of the prisoner removed the scales from their eyes.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "be so good as to walk into the waiting-room till these depositions are signed and sealed. I will be with you in a few minutes."

They did so, and I shortly followed them.

"Now," said I, "I must request you to accompany me a short distance."

I said this with so official a look, and in so civilly peremptory a tone of voice, that they thought I had authority to take them wherever I pleased, and followed me without a word. Both looked like men suddenly awakened, and not knowing rightly whether they were in the body or out of the body. Need I tell the reader that I led them to Ludwig Sturmgang's?

As we were at the door, and I was going in, the captain grasped my arm, and asked—

"Sir, what does this mean!—where are you bringing me?"

"Go with him," said the sub-rector, soothingly. "Let the assessor have his way, he means your good."

With these words, he pressed my hand.

We went in. The shop-boy was behind the counter; the young wife sat in the parlor, rocking the cradle, and sewing. At the sight of the old captain, she sprang up with a cry of terror, and darted out of the room.

"What's the matter?" said Ludwig, coming in; but, as he saw his father and his uncle, his arms fell as if paralyzed at his sides. Father and son stood at the two opposite doors of the room.

It was an even chance whether they were to advance towards each other or to draw back.

"Sturmgang," said I to the young man, "it was I that brought your father and your uncle hither; they did not know my purpose, though I dare say they guessed it. The moment is come—the quarrel is at an end—all is explained. Sturmgang, throw yourself into your father's arms."

Sturmgang stood as if his shoes were part of the floor.

"Captain, then, embrace your son."

He stood like his son's counterpart.

"Mr. Sub-rector," appealed I—but he was crying.

"Good folks," said I, "do you mean to put me in a passion? Ludwig Sturmgang, will you be friends with your father?"

"I will," answered he, quickly.

"Captain, has your enmity no end?"

"It is past," was his equally quick reply.

"Well, then, when two people that have fallen out mean to be good friends again, why, either one of them *must* take the first step, or both must step out together. Come—together be it."

"No," said Ludwig Sturmgang, stepping forward, "I am the son—the first step belongs to me. Father, there is my hand—forgive me!"

"Stop!" shouted the old man, "stand back! Mine must be the first step: it is I that have to say 'forgive!' I alone am guilty of all this misery. My poor, poor Ludwig, I have done thee bitter, ay, bitter and crying wrong. God forgive me!"

"Hurra!" cried I, and with a spring was in the kitchen. "In with you, Madame Sturmgang," said I to the trembling young wife; "you'll find none but friends in the parlor."

The following Sunday my wife and I, in compliance with a formal invitation, sent two days before, dined at Dornfeld. The company was not large; there were only ourselves, the Sturmgangs, and the sub-rector. After dinner, the captain presented us pipes, and bid Margareta bring a light, which she did, sobbing violently, as she had done, to the great peril of the captain's equanimity, all dinner time.

"I have got no matches," said the old gentleman; "but here is some paper. Good Mr. Assessor, will you tear it neatly into strips: we can light our pipes with it very well."

The *will* was in a very few minutes torn up, and helped to light the "calumet of peace."

"I want a purchaser for Dornfeld," said the captain to me. "I am going to live with the children in town. It's so dull out here."

I puffed.

By and by, the sub-rector drew me to a window.

"When is your office open?" asked he.

"Day after to-morrow." Puff, puff.

"I wish to make my will," said he.

"I can guess." Puff, puff, puff.

"What? Who my heir is to be?"

Puff, puff, puff.

He pressed my hand.

"Are you still angry with me?"

"Ye watchful stars," thought I, "and I have called this man Mephistopheles! 'Wise judges are we of each other!'" Puff, puff, puff-f-f-f-f.

THE BEAR-CHASE.

[From the French.]

ONE evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy, (1745,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache: "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel! Monsieur d'Argentré, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—'*Thou shalt do no murder.*'"

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed: has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?"

"Cowards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentleman."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you——"

"And I——" repeated D'Argentré, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair," said he to Monsieur d'Argentré, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added—"Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders."

"In that case, after you, if necessary," said D'Argentré, with his usual calmness.

"By my honor you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten."

"Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir!"

"Monsieur d'Argentré just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of other, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir: we are not here to listen to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence: I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him—I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle."

"What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villette, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favor, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villette refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of *cclat* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of

St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

"I have business of thee, my master," said he cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monseigneur," replied the pareur, who was deeply attached to his young lord: "you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights then?" asked Villetteon, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

"Five in all—a complete *ménage*—father, mother, and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, pareur, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen: there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance."

"Hum!" said the pareur, scratching his ear; "it would better please me to have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because, to guard this post, a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths—the bears and the precipice."

"I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons."

"I am sure of that. But, with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself."

"You are sure, then, that the bears will pass that way?"

"Sure—yes; but quite sure—no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one."

"It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready."

"Very well, very well," murmured the pareur as he retired; "I shall have my eye on him."

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour—who, despite the delicate attentions of the host, preserved a cold reserve—were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saucepans, drums, &c., &c.—were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly

guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carabines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the pareur, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the pareur was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice: he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the pareur rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the pareur and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us: let your aim be true, or else——"

"Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villetteyron, without seeming to notice the surly response—"he approaches!"

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, Villetteyron!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carabine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would fain struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is on you!" cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round: it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carabine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled, in the death-struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy

old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carabine; "here are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—"one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetteyron cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argentré, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming—"To the sole vanquisher of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetteyron is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argentré.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."

DIAMOND DUST.—The demand for diamond dust within a few years has increased very materially, on account of the increased demand for all articles that are wrought by it, such as cameos, intaglios, &c. Recently there has been a discovery made of the peculiar power of diamond dust upon steel: it gives the finest edge to all kinds of cutlery, and threatens to displace the hone of Hungary. It is well known that in cutting a diamond (the hardest substance in nature) the dust is placed on the teeth of the saw—to which it adheres, and thus permits the instrument to make its way through the gem. To this dust, too, is to be attributed solely the power of man to make brilliants from rough diamonds; from the dust is obtained the perfection of the geometrical symmetry which is one of the chief beauties of the mineral, and also that adamantine polish which nothing can injure or affect, save a substance of its own nature. The power of the diamond upon steel is remarkable: it is known to paralyze the magnet in some instances—and may there not be some peculiar operation upon steel with which philosophers have not yet taught us to be familiar! How is it that a diamond cast into a crucible of melted iron converts the latter into steel? Whatever may be said, it is evident that the diamond dust for sharpening razors, knives, and cutlery, is a novelty which is likely to command the attention of the public, whether or not it is agreed that there is anything *beyond* the superior

hardness of the dust over the steel to give that keenness of edge that has surprised all who have used it.—*Church and State Gazette*.

SIR ROBERT PERL has, it is said, recommended Mr. M'Culloch to the queen for a pension of £200, in recognition of the services which he has rendered to political economy:—and we may mention, too, while speaking of the rewards conferred on such merit as comes within the purview of the *Athenæum*, by the retiring minister, that we find the name of Sir Moses Montefiore in the batch of baronets just gazetted—the well-earned reward of his labors in the cause of humanity; not the least conspicuous (and we trust effectual) of which has been his late generous expedition to the foot of the Russian autocrat's very throne, in behalf of his oppressed co-religionists.—*Athenæum*.

At a late meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, an extraordinary communication was made by a Greek physiologist, M. Eseltja—who asserts that, by the assistance of electric light, he has been enabled to see through the human body, and thus to detect the existence of deep-seated visceral disease. He has followed the operations of digestion and of circulation—and has seen the nerves in motion. M. Eseltja has given the name of "Anthroposcope" to his remarkable discovery.—*Athenæum*.

From the Athenæum.

Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Printing of Tissues.—[*Traité Pratique et Théorique, &c.*] By J. PERSOZ. 4 vols. Paris.

THIS work we consider to be one of the most remarkable that has issued from the Parisian press during the present year. Some time since, the French "Society for the encouragement of National Industry," established in 1802, offered a prize for the best essay on bleaching and printing calicoes. None of the papers sent in were deemed worthy of the prize; but, in the mean time, the author of the above work, who is Professor in the School of Pharmacy at Strasburg, though unable to complete his work by the specified day, persevered—and finally laid before the Society the result of his labors. That body fully appreciated the great value of M. Persoz's MS.; and published it, under their patronage—at the same time, presenting the author with a medal, of the value of 3,000 francs. M. Persoz was born and brought up in a calico printing manufactory; and spent a considerable portion of his life at Alsace, in the midst of print works—where he taught chemistry.

The first two volumes of the work are devoted to the description of the various coloring matters, and the means employed in printing—embracing the different kinds of machinery used in manufactories. The latter volumes contain the receipts for the colors actually used in printing on cotton and woollen cloths. To each receipt is annexed a pattern of the cloth so printed; by which means the reader is put in possession of the effect produced. The illustrations to the work amount to not less than 105 designs and 429 patterns—printed in with the text—besides a quarto atlas, of twenty plates. The patterns have been contributed by the principal calico printers in Alsace, Switzerland, Normandy, Paris, England, and Scotland; and it is pleasant to find the author alluding gratefully to the liberality evinced by the different manufacturers—who, rising above all petty national jealousies, were happy to have an opportunity of advancing chemical science, by placing the products of their manufactories at the disposal of M. Persoz.

Some of the patterns are of great beauty—displaying a brilliancy of color which we have never seen excelled; and, altogether, the work gives abundant evidence that the art of calico-printing has attained to extraordinary perfection. It is worthy of mention, that the English legislature enacted, in 1720, an absurd sumptuary law, prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, either of foreign or domestic origin. This act remained in force during a period of ten years; and then, was repealed by an only half-enlightened body of senators—who permitted what were called British calicoes, if made of linen warp, with weft of cotton only, to be printed and worn, upon payment of a duty of sixpence on the square yard. These acts had the effect of nearly extinguishing, amongst us, the rising industry in this ingenious department of the arts: and it was only after 1774, when that part of the act of 1730 which required the warp to be made of linen yarn was repealed, that calico-printing engaged the serious attention of English manufacturers.

The dread of encouraging the importation of cotton, and throwing flax (a native product) out of cultivation, had a similar effect in France;—although that country had the good sense to perceive its error at an earlier period than Great Britain. It is well known that the principles of calico-printing are now profoundly studied by the

French manufacturers; who generally keep a chemist constantly at work, making experiments upon colors in a well-mounted laboratory.

The work of M. Persoz—to which we earnestly invite the attention of our Lancashire manufacturing friends—shows the pains-taking manner in which one of our most important and pleasing arts is studied. We observe that the Society under whose patronage these volumes are published, announces its intention to give copies of the work, as prizes, to overseers and foremen who may produce new inventions in design or printing.

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

THE cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and "to explain the phenomenon," says the *Revue*, "we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of ten weeks' stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it."

NEW BOOKS AND RE-PRINTS.

The Bible, The Koran and the Talmud; or Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish Traditions. By Dr. G. Weil. Translated from the German. Vol. 15 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

The Modern British Plutarch; or Lives of Men distinguished in the recent history of England for their Talents, Virtues, or Achievements. By W. C. Taylor, LL. D. Vol. 17 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak (now agent for the British government in Borneo.) By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R. N. Vol. 18 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

Temper and Temperament; or Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis. Published by Harper & Brothers.

The Wandering Jew is now completed.—Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine has reached the letter O in Part 16.—Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare has reached No. 100.

Pictorial History of England. This book it is pleasant to look at: so well is it printed, and so good is it for the family.

Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History. By John Forster. Edited by J. O. Chowles. Sir John Eliot, the Earl of Strafford, and John Pym, are the lives in Nos. 1 and 2. To be completed in five numbers.

WILEY & PUTNAM have issued several good books:

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States. By the Rev. Edward Waylen, late Rector of Christ Church, Rockville, Maryland. Eleven years resident in America.

[Whether it arise from the longer residence here, or a better temper, or a clearer head than many other English travellers have had—it is pleasant to see an Englishman writing of us without arrogance or pertness. And when we recollect the high praise we received from Mr. Lyell, who differs so much from Mr. Waylen in his religious opinions, we may perhaps, diffident as we are, be convinced that there is really some good among us. We copy a few passages from his preface, dated Queen Square, Westminster.]

"That he has spoken favorably of the Americans as a people, arises from his long and intimate acquaintance with them; during which he has associated with almost every class in that community. He cannot lend himself to a falsehood to make his book *sell*; though it has to be proved whether defamation or grotesque caricature, applied to the people of a country, whose glory and greatness are our own, furnish the only staple commodities in this department of authorship. The Americans, as a race of people, inherit most of the good, and are free from many of the bad qualities which distinguish the nation from whence they have sprung; nor has the free intermixture of continental blood effected any deterioration in their mental or physical qualities. The defects of character (arising solely from education) which

distinguish a portion of them before the world, and the exhibitions of popular license which the country occasionally presents, originate in a combination of religious and political influences, in which the former has decidedly the largest share; as in the following pages is attempted to be shown.

"The author's own experience has satisfactorily proved to him, that even amongst the demagogue political capitalists, the arrogance and conceit which is erroneously charged upon the whole nation is, in fact, only a 'defensive' weapon, resulting from the contempt which it was fashionable for English writers and public speakers to express for America and her institutions long after the war which made her independent of the mother country.

"The people of the United States—the author's experience and intimate knowledge of them enable him to affirm it—those who form the mind of the nation, and who, it is hoped, will yet recover their legitimate control over the action of the country—are ready and desirous to join with us in securing a lasting alliance, and in all the schemes for more enlarged benevolence to which such alliance must naturally lead."

[Mr. Waylen is of the Episcopal church, and it may require a "catholic spirit" on the part of readers of other denominations to enjoy the book. We have not had time to read it, but look for much pleasure therefrom.]

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster: edited by J. E. Ryland. [Mr. Foster is so well known as the Author of the Essay on Decision of Character, that American readers will take up these volumes with much interest.]

Responses on the Use of Tobacco. By the Rev. Benjamin Ingersoll Lane, Author of the Mysteries of Tobacco. [This book consists principally of letters to the author from twenty-five well-known persons who carry on the war against tobacco with much zeal. We remember to have heard a man of many bad qualities, among which a want of politeness was evident, say to an old lady who offered him a pinch of snuff—"I never snuff, smoke, chew, swear, or drink rum." She threatened to throw her snuff-box into his eyes, for his classification, and perhaps that mode of disposing of it would have been useful to him, as it certainly would have been to her. We do not use tobacco, except for the purpose of disgusting the moth, but nevertheless are candid enough to see that there must be something *strong* in it, for else the many high-spirited young men about town would not submit to the labor of *decocting* it; and there must be something *good* in it, or its use would not be indulged in by so many clergymen and other wise men. Many distinguished "temperance" men, appear to find help in it. There must be great good, to make up in the minds of such men as we have spoken of, for the offences to delicacy and cleanliness which are inseparable from the use of this "great medicine."]

GREELEY & McELRATH have added to their stock of good books, *Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology*. Designed for the use of the Young. By S. S. Randall, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York, Editor of Common School Journal, &c.